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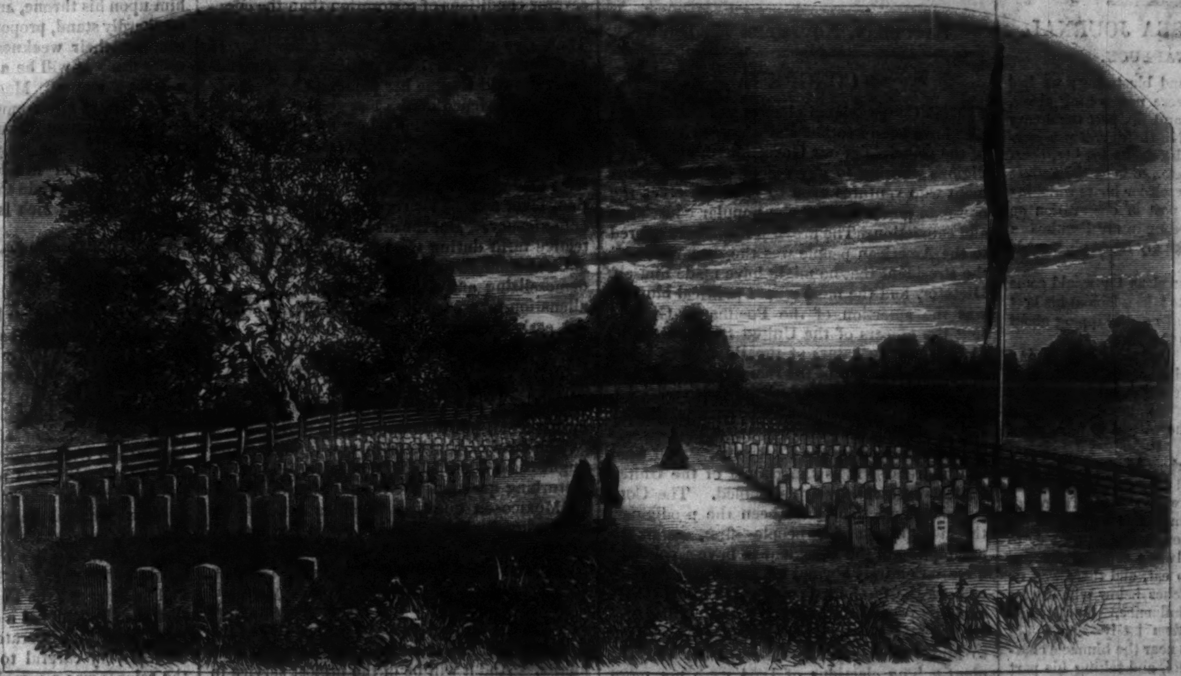
A CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.

WE give herewith a view of the Confederate Cemetery at Franklin, Tennessee—the scene, as our readers remember, of the battle between General SCHOFIELD and the rebels under General HOOD, a little before the great and decisive battle of Nashville. The Cemetery is beautifully situated, about a mile southeast of Franklin, on the farm of Colonel JOHN M'GAVOCK. It contains 1485 graves, and in its general appearance is an improvement upon some of the National Cemeteries which we have had occasion to illustrate.



CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. J. TERRY.]

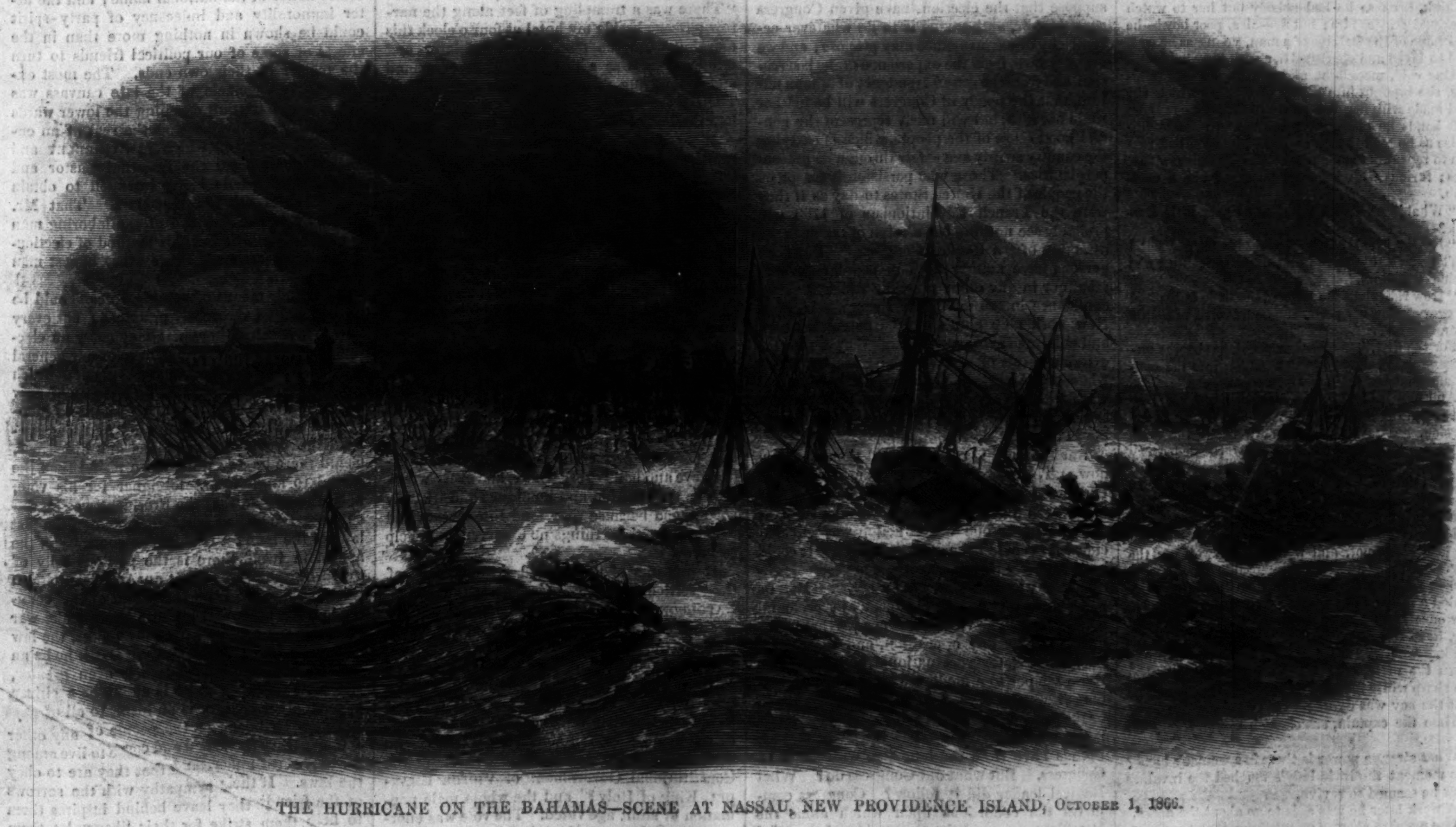
HURRICANE IN THE BAHAMAS.

THE storm at Nassau, which we illustrate below, was but a portion of the sweeping hurricane that, on the 1st of last month, visited the Bahamas.

At Nassau the storm came on gradually. The day before its violent outburst the gale blew a fresh breeze from the sea, which increased during the night, and the next morning became a regular gale, accompanied with rain. The bar of the harbor appeared a ridge of foam, and the harbor itself, though protected against the main sea, had no shelter from a gale which was every moment increasing in violence. The ships, as far as they could be seen up the harbor, began to sway to and fro. The shipping along the wharves soon began to suffer. Small boats, lumber, and various fragments began to be scattered about on the wharves, and spacious stores and warehouses in the vicinity were unroofed, and the sheets of metal of which the roofs were made were whirled along in the wind and torn up like sheets of paper. Soon the whole thoroughfare was covered with fragments of shipping and stores. Both the violence of the wind and the missiles which it hurled recklessly about made it perilous to walk the streets, and the few foot-passengers out might be seen clinging to lamp-posts waiting for a lull.

About 1.30 or 2 P.M. it was impossible to remain abroad; it was dangerous to take shelter under walls or houses, and totally impossible to remain standing when exposed to the presence of the wind, which shook every building. The sensation within doors was like the vibrations of a railway-car attached to an express train; the noise of the wind, combined with the sound of the waves, kept up a loud bellowing roar, varied with thunder-like gusts, and were succeeded by a crashing sound which indicated destruction of some kind or other. Green seas were now breaking upon the wharves of the town and Government property, sending their spray over the tops of the houses, and, together with the heavily falling rain and hail, made the air as obscure as the thickest fog, which, as it now and again cleared partially for a few moments, shows some further damage, houses being dismantled in all directions, and the fragments intermingled with branches of trees, swept along at an alarming pace. The trees that remained standing were being rapidly stripped of their leaves. About 3.30 fully a third of the roofing of the Officers' Quarters came off and fell with a heavy crash into Fleming Square, and shortly after the shingles began flying off the roof of the west range of the men's barracks like feathers. The pinnacles of Christ Church Cathedral had gone—the flag-staff at Government House likewise—and the roof of that building began to show signs of going; every house was in a state of commotion, the wind and rain penetrating every where, doing every kind of damage, and causing indescribable inconvenience. A lull in the storm occurred about 7.30 or 8 P.M., which fortunately enabled those who had some shelter remaining to offer a share of it to their less fortunate neighbors. Next morning the whole scene was indeed a desolation, the most familiar objects were scarcely to be recognized; some gone entirely. The fine Methodist Church had fallen, together with many minor buildings; the landscape was bleak and dreary, the leafless trees, a dull grey sky with dusky scudding clouds gave quite a wintry aspect, very unusual in a tropical climate.

The United States Consul, Mr. KIRKPATRICK, under date of Nassau, October 9, in addressing the Secretary of State, says the hurricane on the 1st inst. was one of the severest and most destructive that has occurred since 1813. "There is scarcely a house in this place," he adds, "or on the Bahamas, that has not suffered to some extent, while the destruction to the shipping in the harbor and along the coast has been alike fearful. The loss of life, although small here, has been severe on some of the out islands. Out at sea a large number of vessels were wrecked.



THE HURRICANE ON THE BAHAMAS—SCENE AT NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE ISLAND, OCTOBER 1, 1866.

A RING POSY.

Jess and Jill are pretty girls,
Plump and well to do,
In a cloud of windy curls:
Yet I know who
Loves me more than curls or pearls.

I'm not pretty, not a bit;
Thin and sallow-pale;
When I trudge along the street
I don't need a veil:
Yet I have one fancy hit.

Jess and Jill can trill and sing
With a flute-like voice,
Dance as light as bird on wing,
Laugh for careless joys:
Yet it's I who wear the ring.

Jess and Jill will mate some day,
Surely, surely;
Ripen on to June through May,
While the sun shines make their hay,
Slacken steps demurely:
Yet even there I lead the way.

NOTES FROM A SEA JOURNAL.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

The weather was cold and blustering; we had rounded Cape Horn, and were now rolling along, under close-reefed topsails and jib, past the dreary Isle of Desolation. Muffled in their great pea-jackets, the men would walk the decks briskly, occasionally dancing, sparring, etc., to keep themselves warm. I used to amuse myself for hours watching their movements from my post of observation on the quarter-rail, where, rolled up in my Esquimaux coat, I loved to sit and smoke my ivory pipe, made of a whale's tooth.

Not unfrequently some anxious tar would come up from the snug forecastle to take a look at his best clothes, recently washed, and now whipping about on the line extending across the deck.

Alas! the poor clothes, incapable of keeping themselves warm by exercise, were all frozen as stiff as pasteboard; so that their owner must carry them to the galley in his half benumbed fingers, and thaw them by the stove if he wished to have them ready for Sunday.

The captain's wife was aboard; she was a neat little body, with hair combed very smooth, kind blue eyes, brisk manners, and a sweet voice. The rough fellows—every man of them—liked her, and I believe would have gone through fire and water to serve her; for she was always sending forward something nice for them to eat, and there was no end to the unexpected watches below which were accorded them through her influence. On pleasant days—there were few of *them* lately—she would bring up her sewing, and sit near the binnacle chatting to the man at the wheel, and taking his part by coaxing the skipper, in her own peculiar way, whenever he was disposed to find fault with the steering. I remember one delicate lad of sixteen, with brown hair and a white, gentle face, who was saved many times from the blows of a "rope's end" by the "little lady." She seemed to take quite a fancy to this boy, who hadn't a single chum aboard the ship. In fact he was so reserved, so devoted to a few old books which he had brought with him, that there was no chance for the men to cultivate his acquaintance. He seemed well disposed, however, never interfered with his shipmates' business, and was always ready to give away a part of his allowance to the man who was not satisfied with his own.

Well, as I said, the "little lady"—so *we* called her—seemed to like the lad. Not one of the officers dared to say a cross word to him when she was near. She felt for him a sort of motherly interest, I think, because he had nobody but her to watch over and protect him; but *he*—alas, poor boy!—he had some of the feelings of a man, young as he was, and so loved and cherished her with his whole soul.

One cold, moonlight night, while he was steering, she brought him a pair of mittens which she had made with her own pretty hands. One of these soft hands he kissed by some uncontrollable impulse as he took the mittens; but he soon had reason to repent of his temerity. The captain saw that kiss; furious with jealousy, he raved like a madman.

"What!" cried she, "jealous of poor little Derrick?—of a mere boy?"

"Hy, ay," he replied, grinding his teeth, "but I don't believe this is the first of your 'billing and cooing' with him."

"How ridiculous!" answered the little lady; and by every art in her power she endeavored to soothe her angry lord.

For the first time since her marriage she was unsuccessful. The captain ordered her into the cabin, and shut her up in her own room.

And now it fared hard with poor Derrick. Day after day, night after night, with but little intermission, he was kept hard at work by the cruel skipper. Thinner and paler grew the lad every hour. I believe the absence of the woman he loved affected him fully as much as his hard tasks; for he would often glance toward the quarter-deck, robbed of that gentle form, and breathe heavy sighs.

Many of us remonstrated with the captain; but he heeded us not, and went on overworking the boy. Soon the sufferer was reduced to a mere skeleton—a walking shadow—and then the skipper relented a little. His victim was permitted to go below once in a while to rest himself. He kept pining, however, and was finally unable to leave his bunk. The men were not surprised one morning when the mate, entering the forecastle, looked at the sharp white face, the damp brown hair, and said that the boy was dying!

Then the captain, struck with remorse, sent for his wife.

What strange power is there in a woman's hand? The moment the little lady's touched the invalid's brow he seemed to revive.

A week later he was able to go about the decks.

One evening about a month from that time, during a heavy gale, the captain's foot slipped while he was on the lee rail, and he fell into the sea, but contrived to cling to the main chains. There was his wife, half distracted, begging somebody to save her husband—endeavoring to save him herself, periling her own life for his, but without success.

It seemed as if the captain must soon let go his hold. The men were all aloft, and could do nothing in time to save him.

Derrick, who had been steering, now bounded into the waist, fastened around his body a rope, one end of which was attached to the ship, and plunging overboard, succeeded in holding his captain until both could be lifted from their perilous situation by the crew.

The skipper received his half-fainting wife in one arm, and with his disengaged hand clasped that of the boy.

"God forgive me for my jealousy!" he cried. "You are a noble lad, Derrick; and had I allowed you to die my own fate must have been sealed a moment ago."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 17, 1866.

CONGRESS.

The Congressional elections of the autumn have been another and a noble vindication of the principle of our Government, and a prodigious warning to any officer of the Government who ventures even to seem to erect the one-man power against the popular conscience and conviction. The grossest insult ever offered to the American people was the declaration of the President that he might have made himself Dictator, and the most stupid political blunder was the assertion of the Postmaster-General that the officers of the United States Government were the eaters of the President's bread and butter. Both of the remarks were rhetorical, doubtless; but they stirred that righteous, popular indignation which is the salvation of the Republic. For the first time Congress was publicly derided by the Executive. And what is Congress? It is the people of the United States representatively assembled. The Congressional elections have been the prodigious, threefold protest of the people—first, against the assumption of the President to have a policy in a matter entirely beyond his authority; second, against the fatal incompleteness of the conditions he proposed; and third, against the Executive audacity or stupidity which dared even to hint at military subversion of the Government. The elections of 1864 were not more significant than those of 1866.

And now that the Union majority in Congress is fully determined, and that there is no question of its overpowering ascendency, it is natural to ask what Congress is likely to do. Will it impose severer conditions of restoration? Will it impeach the President? Will it pass a high tariff? Will it adopt a peremptory tone toward England upon the *Alabama* claims? Will it be a rash or a wise Legislature?

The Congress that meets in December is not, indeed, the Congress that has been just elected, but it is composed in great part of the present members, and the elections have been a distinct popular approval of the general Congressional policy. But we are not of those who suppose that the elections have given Congress *carte blanche*, authorizing it to do whatever eccentricity or extravagance may propose; and we are very sure, from the experience of the last session, and from the general tendency of human nature, that the policy of Congress will be neither timid nor rash, but will fairly represent the general good sense of the people, which is carrying the country swiftly and safely through its present perplexities. Those who persistently reason of the people of the United States to-day as if they were the French Revolutionists of 1793 will probably see nothing but a reign of terror in the assembly of "a Radical Congress." But such persons have neither faith in popular government nor in any other principle which requires confidence in the public good sense. When a New York mob hangs and burns colored men and children these persons think they see the inevitable result of a free popular system. But when the American people wages tremendous war for Union and Liberty the same persons can see no reason to believe that the American people know what they are doing.

But they did know then, and they do know now. The new Congress will be like the late Union Convention in this State. There has never been a Convention so harmoniously radical, and never one whose action was so sagacious. It could have done any thing. It could have said any thing. To the most radical sentiment it was like tinder to a spark. But its good sense was as conspicuous as its profound conviction. The very consciousness that it was unchecked by any opposition, and that it was really acting for vast national ends, toned its warm temper to a moderate speech, and its wisdom disappointed its sincerest enemies. It will be the same with Congress during this session as it was during the last. The President and his friends have tired the language with abuse of Congress. But what did Congress do? What Radical leader did it follow? Congress completes the conditions upon which alone the President approved the restoration of the rebel States; and while it honored, as all faithful citizens must, the fidelity to liberty and justice of men like Mr. Sumner and Mr. Stevens, the Congressional policy was indicated by men like Mr. Fessenden.

Unless in the Maryland difficulty or some other matter the President shall exasperate and alarm the country, we do not believe that in the present condition of public opinion he will be impeached. Mr. Bingham and General Butler and Mr. Boutwell will doubtless reflect that the strong feeling against the President has been in great degree placated by the elections. So long as there were doubt and fear as to the condition of the public mind and the President's opportunities and intentions there was naturally extreme bitterness toward him. But as it appeared that the public sentiment and resolution were unshaken, the Presidential chances and designs, whatever the latter may have been, dwindled so as to become mainly matters of curiosity. Nor do we anticipate at this session of Congress the proposition of any severer conditions of restoration than the adoption of the Amendment. The precedent of Tennessee will undoubtedly be followed. If any unrepresented State ratifies the Amendment she will resume her place in Congress.

The experience of the last session in regard to the tariff will not be lost upon Congress. The Union party as such takes no ground upon the subject. It is neither a Protective nor a Free-trade party, while it does, without question, favor a tariff for revenue during the present exigency. But the attempt to frame a protective tariff during the last session was direct aid and comfort to the President in his plan of demoralizing and destroying the party. The alienation of a certain portion of the party in the early summer was greatly due to the extremely unwise and inexcusable course upon this subject of some prominent representatives. Their policy could be repeated only with the same result, and at a time when Union is the most sacred, patriotic duty of the party.

The tone of Congress in our foreign policy ought to be dignified and moderate. The only disturbing questions are the position of France in Mexico—a question which is conclusively answering itself, and which needs no rhetoric or bravado from us—and the *Alabama* claims, which can equally dispense with Buncomb in their settlement. All that is necessary is, that Congress shall apply the same vigilant good sense to the foreign affairs of the country which the members individually devote to their private affairs. And it will be of the utmost service in the saving of time, money, public vexation, and national honor if those members who may be classified as the sensational members should be held by the whole country at their just value, and not regarded as especially representative of any body but themselves, or of any purpose but their own ambition.

The country has indicated the policy of restoration. It has expressed its confidence in Congress, and it remains for Congress to work rather than to talk.

THE END OF AUSTRIA IN ITALY.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes, on the 19th of October, from Venice: "There was a trampling of feet along the narrow passage beside my hotel at four o'clock this morning. As the footfalls grew fainter and fainter there was a hoarse word of command and a hurrying forward of the rearmost files. Then there was a dead silence again, and we had the last of the Austrians in Venice."

What a ghostly end is here of one of the most cruel tyrannies known in history! How impregnably intrenched in the very heart of Northern Italy this tyranny was may be seen in the graphic pictures of the famous Quadrilateral or military square of fortified cities, published in another part of this paper. This was the point at which the iron hand of Austria clutched and held Italy. The records of the old Venetian Council of Ten can not be more tragical than those of the Austrian rule. The dull, steady oppression has almost ruined a nation, and has nothing to show but a few military roads. The traveler in Lombardy for the last generation has never been able to escape the perception of the nightmare that brooded upon the land. The young men lounging and listless, frivolous or secretly conspiring; the Austrian eye and hand every where, and every where hated; superstition and ignorance and frivolity encouraged because they tend to enervate and demoralize; these things no observer could help seeing.

It was one of the wicked arrangements of the "settlement of Europe," upon the fall of Napoleon, which disposed of countries according to the ambition of rulers, and not in obedience to the wishes of the people. But that settlement, so cordially hated by all lovers of national liberty in Europe, was not only overthrown by the Prussian arms at Sadowa, but its destruction has now been formally ratified by the popular vote of Venetia. The question was simply, "Do you wish to live under the Constitutional Government of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy?" and the whole male population of adult age voted. The vote was enormous, and almost uniform in its result. In the city of Venice, out of 30,000, 26,180 voted, and almost all affirmatively. In Padua 8000 votes were cast. In the country district of Dolo the people marched to the polls with the priests at their head, and 7170 persons voted out of a total of 7700 electors. In the city of Verona there were 16,075 votes, and only one in the negative. At Udine there was but one negative out of 5473 votes. Chioggia and Rovigo more than 10,000 affirmative votes and no negatives were thrown. At Vicenza two negatives out of 8810 votes.

There was never so unanimous a vote, and Italy now enters with all her heart upon her new career. The Pope is the only essentially disturbing element, and surrounded by a free and constitutional Italy, it is not possible that the Pope can long sit upon his temporal throne. Whether he will choose to remain upon his old ground merely as supreme head of his Church, or emigrate to some island where he can still be political lord paramount, the immediate future will disclose. Austria can no longer defend him upon his throne, and poor old Spain, which can hardly stand, proposes to him that they shall combine their weakness and try to hold each other up. It will be a mummy trying to prop a falling statue. Meanwhile the ocean telegraph will at any moment bring us news of the entry of Victor Emanuel into Venice, and then it will be for Italy to show by the energy and sagacity of her legislation that she was wholly worthy to win the victory which restored her unity, but which is due to other arms than hers.

FLATTERING THE FENIANS.

It seems to us that honorable men can have but one opinion of the Fenian foray into Canada, and consequently but one opinion of the attempt to excite hostility against the President for his action in the matter. It is, indeed, the one energetic, praiseworthy, and thoroughly American act of his administration. The laws of the United States were deliberately defied by a mob which sought to make our soil the base of a murderous and predatory assault upon a peaceful neighbor. It was not only defiance, but contemptuous defiance, and the President instantly and irresistibly stopped the whole enterprise. It is foolish to say that he had encouraged the Fenians before he opposed them. He received a deputation of them, and at their request liberated John Mitchell; but he was very careful to say no more than that the release was a compliment to the large "section of our countrymen with whom he was previously identified." It was the usual subservience of a Democratic politician to the Irishmen, and it was not as a Fenian that Mitchell was released.

That the President's action was prompt and decisive the moment that overt acts were committed shows that his sense of official duty properly transcended his inclinations as a politician. He did not hesitate to take the risk of alienating that part of Irish sympathy which is Fenian, and which Mr. Stephens, the Head Centre, numerically estimates at 20,000. This was a course in which the President was fairly entitled to the most generous and cordial support of all lovers of the honor of the national name; and the utter immorality and indecency of party-spirit could be shown in nothing more than in the efforts of some of our political friends to turn the matter to their own ends. The most extraordinary spectacle of the late canvass was General Walbridge extolling the lower wards of the city of New York as the seat of an enlightened press, of which Mr. Greeley and Mr. Bennett were the fraternal Castor and Pollux—the whole being intended to obtain Fenian votes for Mr. Greeley. That Mr. Greeley is a true friend of the laboring man is unquestionable; but this method of electioneering must certainly strike every honest man with disgust.

Every fair means of gaining votes should be constantly and vigorously practiced; but every unfair method, although it may carry an election, loses a cause. The danger of our general politics is the kind of corruption upon which the Democratic party relies in the city of New York. It is the spirit which panders to ignorance and vice, and if ignorance and vice succeed the recoil is tremendous and disastrous. Could there be any thing more pitiful than the appeal to an ignorant foreigner for his vote, upon the ground that the President was his enemy because he had faithfully executed the just laws of the land? Besides the enormity of the appeal in itself, there is the perilous folly of supporting the theory that an American citizen is an Irishman. If an inhabitant of this country is a foreigner and undertakes to make war from our soil against a friendly power, the law deals with him very promptly. But if he be an American citizen his offense is even greater, and his pretense that he is acting as a citizen of some other country is an insult to all of us.

When Irishmen, or the people of any other country, leave their land and come to live among us, they must understand that they are to obey the laws. If their sympathy with the sorrows of the friends they leave behind inspires them to help them strike for their liberty, let them return and help them. But an Irish Republic which establishes its head-quarters in New York, and murders a few innocent Canadians by way of making war upon England, is not an Irish Republic which commands the respect of honorable men; and to attempt to propitiate its supporters by complaining of the President for enforcing its laws is a betrayal of the authority of law and a blow at public morality.

JOHN BRIGHT AND ENGLAND.

MACAULAY used to say that the next great convulsion in his country would be the contest between Parliament and the People, as in 1645 it was between the Parliament and the King; and the speeches of JOHN BRIGHT seem to announce the approach of that contest. His present movement is the most significant political event in England since the revolution of 1688. It is the suggestion of an actual, although not necessarily a forcible, revolution. English statesmen and political philosophers hitherto have agreed in recognizing the balance of classes as essential to British stability. The objection of certain liberal papers, like the *Spectator*, to Mr. GLADSTONE's bold claim of the suffrage, a few years since, for every innocent and intelligent man, was that it tended to throw all political power into the hands of one class, and thereby to destroy the sacred class organization. This was also the argument of Mr. LOWE, in his famous Parliamentary speeches which Mr. BRIGHT constantly and bitterly reviles. Mr. LOWE made his speeches offensive by declaring that the class to which this controlling power was to be given was the most ignorant and vicious class in the country.

JOHN BRIGHT says that the government of the balance of classes has failed; that its historical tendency is to make the rich richer and the poor poorer; to concentrate the ownership of land in a few hands, and to exclude the great body of the population from political power. He proposes that an appeal be taken from the governing class to the nation, and that the nation govern itself. This means nothing less than the disappearance of King, Lords, and Commons—the end of a monarchy, and the erection of a republic. It sends a shiver through the kingdom, where traditions are sacred by reason of their moss and mould, if there be nothing else to endear them. It sets all England to thinking of MIRABEAU and the Tennis Court, and the flight to Varennes; and already one quivering letter-writer thinks that JOHN BRIGHT may yet cause the London mob to cry *à la lanterne*, and to take to hanging Mr. LOWE and his adherents.

The striking fact of the situation is, that the movement is confined entirely to the laboring, unenfranchised class. The middle class holds as far aloof as the aristocracy. Indeed, the aim of the middle class in England is to amass money enough to buy land, and so to aristocracize itself. JOHN BRIGHT may be said to head this unenfranchised and landless class, which is the vast numerical majority against all the other classes, the political power, and the impregnable traditions of the monarchy. The foreshadowed contest is tremendous. But Mr. BRIGHT's demand is not forcible revolution. He asks the governing class merely to consider history and human nature, and to be warned in time. Dogged resistance he wishes them to see is sure destruction. Yielding and yielding more and more they may indeed at last yield the very British system itself, but better that than an earthquake which will shatter every thing. Shall we learn nothing? he earnestly asks. What is the part of common-sense but to see what is unavoidable, and adapt ourselves to it? And what is statesmanship but common-sense making laws?

We rank JOHN BRIGHT's movement in England, in its ultimate scope, with the vindication of popular government in this country and the prostration of the Austrian empire.

WHY WAS THE "EVENING STAR" LOST?

A SHIP-MASTER who has had more than twenty years' experience at sea in every kind of vessel, and three years upon the Southern coast in the naval blockading service in all seasons and all weathers, writes to give us his views of preventing such accidents as that of the *Evening Star*. Our ships, he says, are as stanch and swift as can be built; and the *Evening Star* was not lost, he thinks, because of her weakness. The storm was not unusual for the latitude and the season, but at the height of the gale "the rudder-chains gave way, or some accident happened to them, and the ship became unmanageable." A similar entanglement of the rudder-chains was almost fatal to the *Great Eastern*.

The great mistake, says our sea-faring friend, is, that "almost all our large steamers have no steering gear immediately connected with the rudder-head, while the chains pass at many angles, and along the length of the ship, and in many obvious ways can be entangled. An extra tiller attached to the rudder-head directly over the main deck, with a pair of relief-tacks ready at all times, which could be worked with a few hands, the course dictated by the officer in charge of the deck, could have been used effectively to keep the *Evening Star* head to the sea; or if not head to, might have kept her before it, and in either position, in all probability, she would have weathered the gale." Our correspondent says that during the blockade many vessels of all classes, which were never intended for sea-service, rode out at anchor many of the most severe gales upon the very worst parts of the coast; but had they been exposed "broadside to, or in the trough of the sea, many of them would have gone to the bottom." Whether the facts upon the *Evening Star* are correctly apprehended or not by our correspondent, he makes a very sensible suggestion, which can be very easily followed.

The loss of the *Evening Star* is attributed, by the report of Captain MEW, who has charge of the enforcement of the United States laws in relation to steamships, to bad management. The hull of the steamer was sound, the machinery in good condition, but she needed another engineer, and instead of her proper complement of fourteen men, she carried but ten, and some of these are reported to have been employed otherwise than as seamen. The force was not enough to handle the ship; the facilities suggested by our friend, a ship-master, were not at hand; no effort was made to get her head to the wind, though her rudder was intact most of the time; and down went the ship and two hundred passengers. The report does not say that a larger crew would certainly have saved the ship, but it does say that she would probably have been kept afloat, and a full crew could have manned the boats, which were large enough for both crew and passengers, and in that way many more lives might have been saved.

The owners and officers of the *Evening Star* certainly owe some explanation to the public of a great disaster for which this report makes them partly responsible.

FIRE!

As all Americans travel more or less, we are all peculiarly interested in making travel safe. Nothing tends to that result so surely as the publication of the accidents and carelessness of management which travelers observe; for when the officers of railroads and steamboats fully understand that any negligence will be promptly reported to the public, they will take good care to avoid all accidents that are not inevitable. The American is a pusillanimous traveler; but John Bull grumbles until his discomfort or his danger is remedied. We lately described a fire upon the *Plymouth Rock* steamer which was happily discovered by a passenger and extinguished before serious harm was done. We have received a letter from the *Occupant of State-room* 53, who was the passenger of whom we spoke, and who makes the following statement, which we commend to the attention of the Company and of all travelers by the Sound boats.

"The boat that night was lighted by lamps having a temporary standard made of wood or pasteboard, and placed on the marble tables without being fastened. This lamp [the occasion of the fire] being the nearest to the engine, owing to the jar of the machinery fell first. Suppose there had been a collision, there would have been thirty fires instead of one to put out ....Returning East the next night some of the gentlemen who knew of the fire the preceding night *had the lamps tied to the tables with strings and appointed themselves watchmen to see that no more fires occurred.* They saw, although they could not prevent it, some of the hands or passengers smoking cigars around the baggage [freight], which consisted in part of cotton and wool."

No one who travels by the Sound steamers but perceives the perils to which they are exposed. But does not this system of lighting foolishly multiply those perils? How grave they were felt to be in the case of which we have spoken is proved by the fact of some of the passengers forming themselves into a Vigilance Committee. It is quite time, as our correspondent suggests, that we should be on our guard against the abuses that are stealing in upon us to such an alarming extent.

BATHING.

HUFELAND, a German physician who wrote on health at the end of the last century, said that the whole body ought to be bathed in cold water every day, and this has been very commonly repeated by writers on health up to the present time. And yet there are very few, even among those who conscientiously intend to take suitable care of their physical condition, who comply with this injunction. Are they who neglect it altogether in error? It certainly would be a great inconvenience to most of them to comply with it; but still, if the measure be requisite for securing the full health of the body, the inconvenience should be no bar to its employment. That bathing should be used far more than it is by most people there is no doubt; but the question is, to what extent is it required, and in what ways should it be used? We will answer this briefly as well as we can.

There are two objects in bathing. One is to cleanse the skin. This organ (for it must be remembered that it is an active organ, and not a mere covering) is continually discharging a large quantity of refuse matter from the system, in the form of both insensible and sensible perspiration. For this purpose there are innumerable tubes closely set together. It is important that the outlets of those tubes, the pores of the skin, should be kept well open. They are liable to be obstructed, both by the accumulation of some of the matter which passes out of them, and by the lodgment of matter brought to the skin by the air, and in various other ways. These accumulations are removed in three ways—by becoming attached to the clothing in its friction from the motions of the body, by the application of water, and by the washing out of the tubes of the skin by the free flow of perspiration occasioned by brisk exercise.

The second object of bathing is to influence the skin as an active and sensitive organ. We see this in a marked manner when cold bathing is attended with a good reaction. The skin is highly endowed with nerves, and, as a sensitive organ, has an important play in the economy of the system. The impressions that are made upon it, therefore, exert a decided influence upon the great central organs of the body.

You see, then, that as the skin is an active secreting organ it can, to a considerable extent, take care of itself. It is not entirely dependent on bathing to clear away the refuse which is disposed to collect at the outlets of its tubes. The whole of the skin does not, therefore, need to be washed every day as a measure of cleanliness. Only the most exposed portions of it need this. The frequency with which it should be done in other parts depends much on circumstances. We had better, however, err on the side of doing it too much than too little. Not that no harm ever comes from doing it too much, for there is such a thing as making the organ too sensitive, and impairing its functions by too frequent stimulation. Daily bathing, accompanied by friction, may necessitate too active a renewal of that very delicate covering of the skin which we call the cuticle, and so injure the true skin, from whose surface this is constantly forming, the outer portions of it being as constantly thrown off in the shape of very minute scales.

Neither is the skin wholly dependent on cold bathing, as some seem to think, to give it tone and activity. This is only one of the many means of doing this, and, we may add, a subordinate one. Free exercise is one of the most important of these means, giving vigor to all the organs, the skin as well as the rest. This can not be dispensed with. It is absolutely essential, while cold bathing is far from being so, for even a high degree of healthy vigor is often maintained without it, if there be habitual brisk exercise.

Observe that it is as true of bathing with cold water as it is of exposure to cold air, that a good reaction is essential to a healthy influence. If this do not occur the effect is depressing to the vital powers, and tends to produce ill-health and even positive disease. A disregard of this plain fact has led to much injury, especially in the case of persons of delicate health. So popular has been cold bathing of late that its use has been too indiscriminate.

Let us look, then, at some of the points of discrimination which should be observed. The robust can use cold bathing with comparatively little caution, because they have a reaction so readily excited; but even with them it should not be resorted to when the system is much fatigued. For this reason it is generally improper in the after-part of the day. The best time for its use, in relation to securing a full reaction, is toward the latter part of the forenoon, for the system is then in its most vigorous condition. But early in the morning is the most convenient time, and after the rest of the night there is sufficient vigor for a suitable reaction in most persons.

In using cold bathing as a tonic (and it is a capital one), there is no necessity for bathing the whole body. Sometimes one part can be bathed and sometimes another. We have known all the requisite tonic effect to be secured by merely putting the feet into cold water every morning. Neither is it essential that there should be immersion—sponging will do as well. What is required is simply the impression of cold followed by reaction. The benefit that results comes from accustoming the system to thus react on receiving the impression of cold through the nerves of the skin, instead of succumbing under it into a state of depression. It is in this way that cold bathing is so serviceable in ridding one of the disposition to take cold by using it in the summer and continuing it on into winter.

Many persons of delicate constitution, as already hinted, reap injury instead of benefit from cold bathing by the failure to have a reaction. They can ordinarily succeed in obtaining this result, however, if they manage in the right way. It may be necessary to begin with using water somewhat warm, having it cooler from day to day till they get to use really cold water. Or they can first apply the water over a small portion of surface, daily enlarging the bounds of its application as the habit of reaction becomes established. Of course friction may be employed as an auxiliary in securing reaction, the exercise requisite in applying it and the stimulation of the skin both uniting to produce the effect.

THE ARTISTS' FUND WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE artists have wisely resolved to devote one of the galleries at their Seventh Exhibition to *paintings in water-colors;* and so generous has been the response of private owners that so complete and beautiful a collection of water-colors has never been seen in this country as that which has been gathered at the National Academy rooms in which the Exhibition takes place. Our readers are aware that some of TURNER's finest and most characteristic works are in water-color; and until really good works in this style have been seen it is impossible to know of what force, variety, and exquisite tenderness water-colors are capable. The collection is composed of works by the most famous painters, which will be so arranged that they can be most comfortably and satisfactorily studied; and the Exhibition will unquestionably be one of the freshest and most interesting ever held in the city.

LITERARY.

A LITTLE book just published by LIPPINCOTT, in Philadelphia, "With General Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign, by a Staff Officer," is a peculiarly valuable chapter in the story of the war; for although the author assures us that General SHERIDAN will not know what is in the book until he sees it, and has in no way prompted it, yet it is clear that the writer had the General's fullest confidence, and that his views are those of SHERIDAN. The book is a luminous and graphic account of the part borne by SHERIDAN and his men in the closing campaign. It goes at a hand-gallop, and is the most brisk and breezy reading. Moreover, its frankness, heartiness, and generosity give great weight to all its statements upon disputed points; and it is especially interesting as presenting General SHERIDAN's view of his own action in relieving General WARREN, who has also published his version of the affair. It is plain, it seems to us, that SHERIDAN felt a want of confidence in success upon the part of WARREN, and knew that his distrust must inevitably paralyze the troops and imperil the victory. Whether SHERIDAN was justified in his feeling can only be determined by the reader upon consideration of the facts; and as related in this little work it is hard to see how he could have done otherwise than he did. The relief was no imputation upon General WARREN's capacity or fidelity, as was proved by his appointment to an important command immediately afterward. The portraiture of SHERIDAN in this book is very striking and satisfactory. He is evidently a clear, electric man, of marvelous energy and celerity. But his "dash" is not recklessness. It is not a mere gush of fine animal spirits. It is the fatal swiftness of insight and genius. If SHERIDAN is the most romantic, he is also one of the ablest heroes of the war.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, through direct orders from Washington, has received extended privileges, in being allowed the liberty of the grounds during the day, and the removal of the guards both day and night.

The receipts of Internal Revenue for the month of October, ending October 31, are $26,414,430 29, against $30,457,973 63 for the month of October last year. The aggregate receipts for the four months of the present fiscal year, commencing July 1 and ending October 31, are $125,261,548 14, against $124,181,409 29 for the same period last year.

Memphis, in 1852, had a population of between 12,000 and 13,000. The *Avalanche* states that in 1860 the lowest estimate of the number of inhabitants was 40,000—an increase of 250 per cent. over the census of 1852 in eight years. The general estimate now is that the population will number at least 80,000, some placing it as high as 70,000.

In Nashville colored children are heartily invited to attend the Catholic Sabbath-schools with the other children, and no distinction is made on account of color or previous condition of servitude.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 27:

(PRAGUE.)—An attempt was made to shoot the Emperor Francis Joseph as he was leaving the theatre this evening. The culprit aimed a pistol at the Kaiser, but before the ball was fired he was seized by an Englishman and placed under arrest.

October 29:

(LONDON.)—The latest advices from Candia state that fighting between the Christians and the Turkish army continued, but the accounts of its progress are unreliable.

October 30:

(LONDON.)—The *Times* of to-day again editorially urges the reference of the claims of the Government upon Great Britain for the property destroyed by the *Alabama* to a joint commission to be appointed by the two Powers. The *Times* thinks this would be an act of policy, if not of justice.

(BERLIN.)—King WILLIAM has directed the celebration of a solemn *fête* in this capital on the 11th of November, for the restoration of peace.

October 31:

(LONDON.)—The Turks claim great victories over the Christians in Candia. In a hard-fought battle near Oressa, the Cretans lost 700 men, while the Turkish loss was very heavy. Three thousand Cretans had been drowned in a cave where they had sought a hiding-place and refuge, a tide rising and submerging them. Large submissions were being made by the Christians to the Turkish authority.

(ROME.)—The Pope has delivered an allocution condemning the conduct of Italy, declaring that he is ready to die in the defense of the right, and that in case of need he will seek the free exercise of his ministry in another land.

November 2:

(PARIS.)—The *Presse* says the alliance between Prussia and Russia is a fixed fact.

(ROME.)—The Italian Press denounce the allocution of the Pope against the conduct of Italy.

(PARIS.)—It is said that Count De Montholon has been ordered to return from Washington and repair to Lisbon, and that Count Berthemy will go to Washington and take his place there.

November 3:

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The Military and naval forces of Russia have been ordered to be raised to their full strength.

(VIENNA.)—The Diet of Hungary has been convoked for the 19th.

November 4:

(VIENNA.)—Decrees have been promulgated relieving Mensdorf from the Foreign Military Office, and appointing Von Beust as his successor. The decrees also appoint Baron John Minister of War, *vice* Esterhazy, relieved. The Ministry is without port-folio. Von Beust has issued a circular, wherein he declares himself separated from the past. He says he enters the Austrian service free and unprejudiced. Austria will maintain a true and peaceful conciliatory policy, but will uphold the dignity of the Empire.

(BERLIN.)—The King of Saxony and his family re-entered Dresden yesterday, and were well received by the people.

November 5:

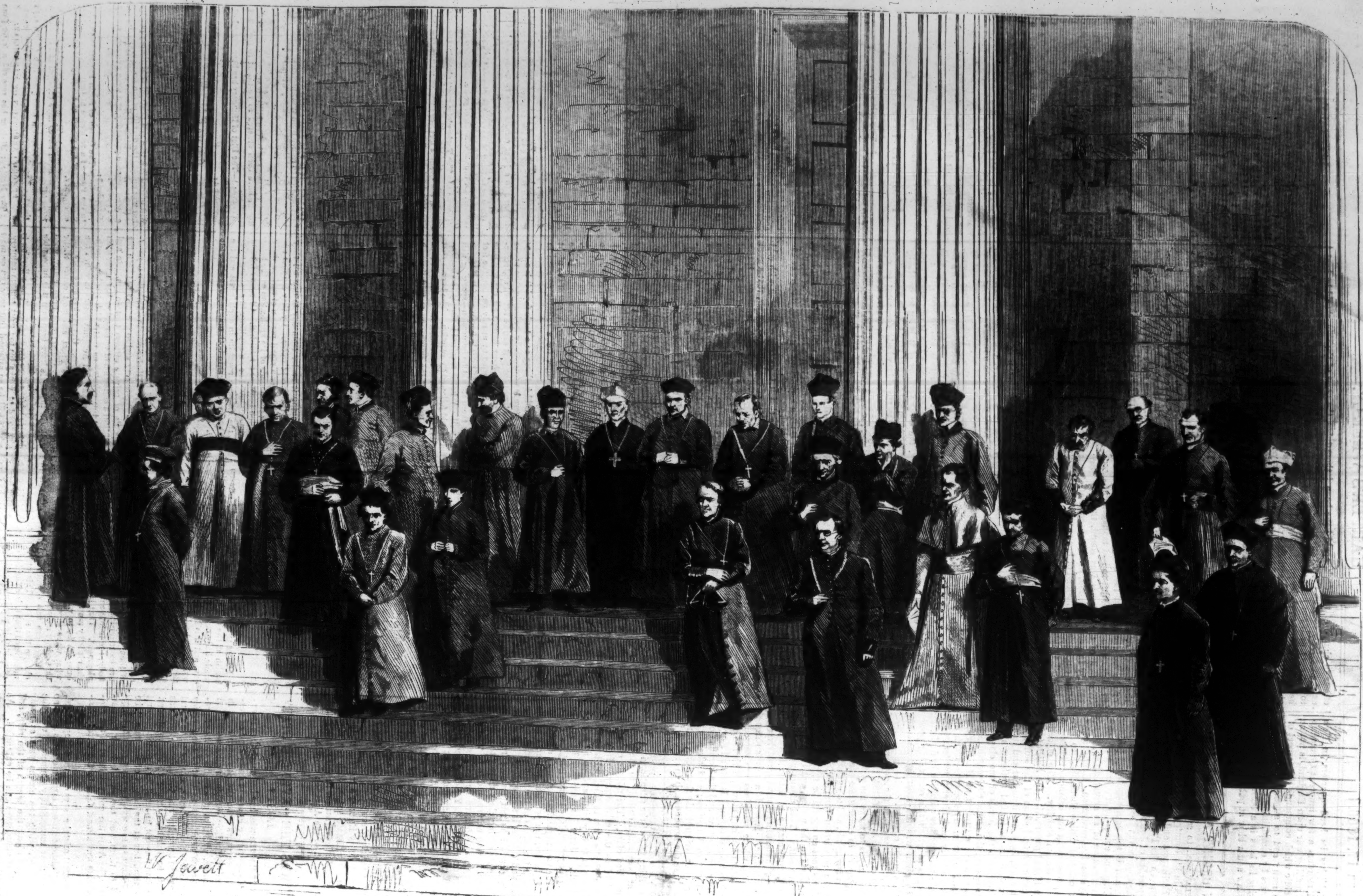
(MADRID.)—The Queen of Spain has made an offer to the Pope of a residence at Granada, and Spanish vessels of war are placed at his disposal in case of emergency.

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The war is renewed in Bokhara, and the Russian forces have besieged and taken the city of Urturbe.

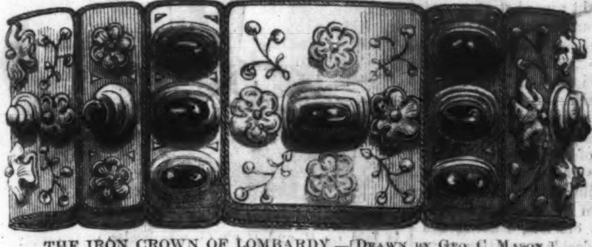
(LONDON.)—A telegram from Tien-Tsin, China, says that the French have declared war against Corea.

RUMORED ABDICATION OF MAXIMILIAN.

The Mexican Minister has received a letter from Vera Cruz, dated October 25, by way of New Orleans, stating that the Emperor Maximilian left the city of Mexico on the 23d instant, resigning verbally in favor of General Bazaine.



ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE SECOND ROMAN CATHOLIC PLENARY COUNCIL, ASSEMBLED AT BALTIMORE, October 7, 1866.—Photographed by Bendann Brothers, 95 Fifth Avenue, New York.—[See Page 72[illegible].]



THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.—[DRAWN BY GEO. C. MASON.]

VENICE AND THE QUADRILATERAL.

THE transfer of Venetia to Italy, which is now completed by treaty, and will soon be complete as a practical fact, imparts a special interest to the capital city of the province, and to the four fortified cities constituting the Quadrilateral, of which we give illustrations on pages 728 and 729.

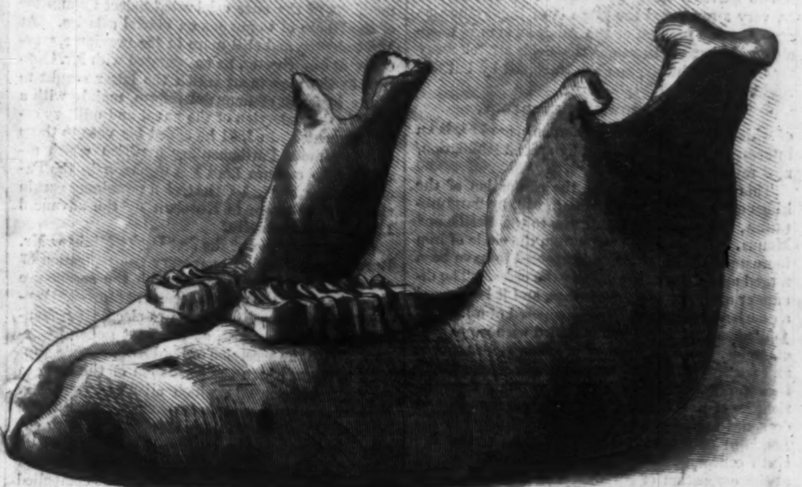
VENICE,

for many centuries the capital of a celebrated republic, the first maritime and commercial Power of the world, and one of the finest cities in Europe, is unique, both as regards position and construction, being built entirely on piles, and occupying seventy or eighty small islands, separated by 149 canals, which are crossed by 306 bridges. The chief of the former is the Grand Canal, 100 to 180 feet wide, and bordered by magnificent palaces and churches; it separates the city into two nearly equal portions, which are connected by the bridge of the Rialto, built of white marble, and consisting of a single arch. The streets or lanes are so narrow and intricate as to render the city a vast labyrinth, and, being fit only for foot-passengers, the place of wheel-carriages is supplied by small barges called gondolas, the peculiar form and great number of which constantly traversing the principal canals presents one of the chief characteristics of the city. The largest street, the Merceria, in which are the best shops, is only 15 feet wide; the principal promenades are the square of St. Mark, and the public gardens, which are nearly surrounded by the sea. Among its many squares, the most remarkable for extent, regularity, and beauty of situation, is the Piazza di San Marco (St. Mark), on the south side of the city, at the entrance of the Grand Canal. On the east side of this is a smaller square called the Piazzetta, and at the angle, between these, is the Church of St. Mark. Venice contains a vast number of magnificent churches and palaces, adorned with the paintings of Titian and the frescoes of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. The chief edifices are the palace of the Procuratie Vecchie and the Procuratie Nuove, which occupy the greater part of the square of St. Mark, around which extends a vast gallery containing elegant shops and cafés. The former palace of the Doge, built by MARINO FALIERO in the fourteenth century, is remarkable for its architecture and its imposing mass; its interior is decorated with many of the finest works of the great masters. The Bridge of Sighs connects this palace with the former prisons and dungeons of the Inquisition. Among the ecclesiastical edifices the most magnificent is the Church of St. Mark, with its golden ceilings, its pavement of jasper and porphyry, its 500 columns of black, white, and veined marble, bronze, alabaster, verde antique, and serpentine.

In the Middle Ages Venice had a monopoly of the manufacture of glass; but this has greatly declined; and its manufactures are now confined to mirrors, jewelry, artificial pearls, silks, and porcelain. The imports comprise sugar, coffee, and other colonial produce; cotton and woolen fabrics, cotton yarn, and raw cotton; hardware goods, dyestuffs, salted fish, and grain. The exports, silk and silk goods, glass wares, and books.

Venetia attained the height of its prosperity in the fifteenth century. It began to decline at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and its overthrow was completed by the French in 1797. By the Treaty of Presburg, in 1805, it was made over, with the provinces of the continent, to the kingdom of Italy; and was held by the French till 1814, when it reverted to Austria. In 1848 the Venetians revolted against the Austrians, and held the city for several months. The Government of Venice comprises eight delegates, which bear the names of their capitals—Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Rovigo, Treviso, Belluno, and Udine.

Venice is not only an interesting relic of past magnificence, but a great fortress capable of holding back an army from penetrating within her ports and canals, and also able to act as a point of concentration for a force that might assemble here and threaten the rear of a southern army marching against Goritzia or the Tyrol. Around the city there are no less than eighty-two forts, fifty-eight of which are permanently armed, and the remainder would receive their guns on the first tidings of the enemy's preparing to attack. The place is provisioned for four months, and the works are capable of holding out for a still longer period, especially since Admiral TEGETHOFF took the command of the sea, and thus insured the freedom of communication with Trieste. The great high-roads and the railways to Venice approach the city through Mestre, a small unfortified town to the northwest, only important as the junction of the routes from all directions. The railway is continued over the lagunes by a bridge about two miles and a quarter long.



JAWBONE OF A MASTODON, RECENTLY FOUND AT COHOES, NEW YORK.
SKETCHED BY R. WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

THE QUADRILATERAL.

The sensations with which one regards a nest of fortresses such as the Quadrilateral are very different in war and peace. When the Archduke fought the battle of Custozza

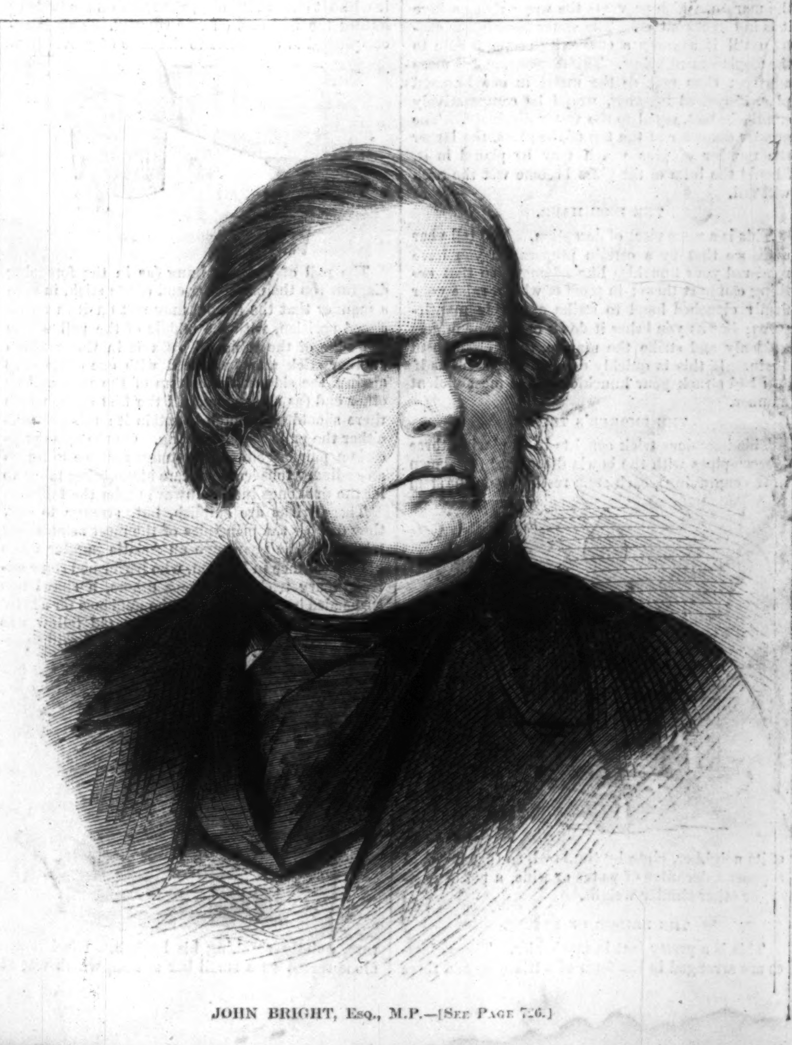
VERONA

was regarded as a port in a storm—a refuge in the hour of need; for his whole army might have sought shelter within the line of her forts if the fortunes of the day had turned against the Austrians, and defeat instead of victory had attended their arms. But now that Italy has achieved her long self-set task, and it only remains for diplomatists to settle the exact terms of the treaty, there is a crushing weight in the parapets, ditches, and detached forts that makes one long for the free mountain air so near in space and yet so far removed in nature from these oppressive fortifications. Josefstadt, Königgrätz, and Theresienstadt are border strong-holds; Olmütz is a great fortress; Venice is a pearl placed in an almost impregnable casket; but Verona is a fortified camp, built to contain a host, which it can shield from sudden attack, and yet suffer to go forth against the enemy without a check upon the mobility of the mass of men. The town contains some 60,000 inhabitants, yet it seems but a garrison of soldiers; some of its fine old churches are turned into hospitals, its theatres into corn stores, and the most perfect Roman amphitheatre in Europe, a contemporary of the Coliseum at Rome, was used as a prison for the Italians taken at the battle of Custozza.

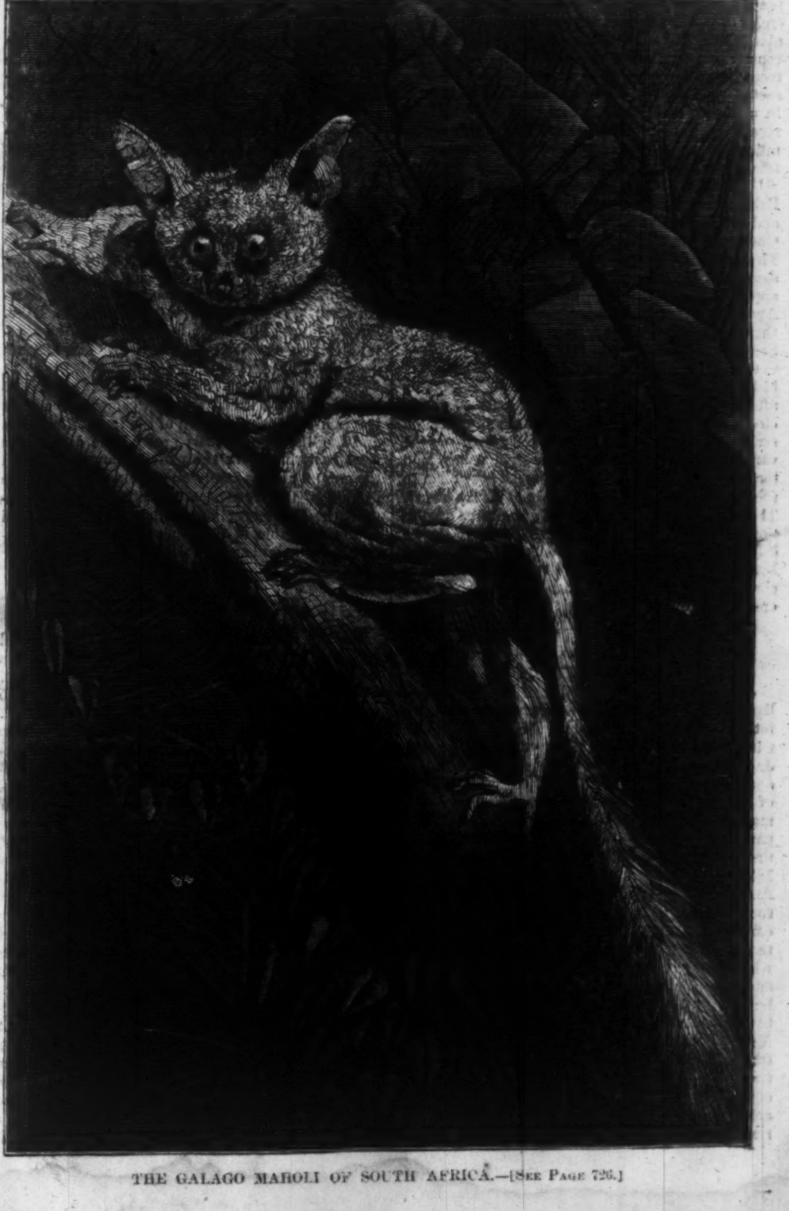
PESCHIERA, situated on the northwest corner of the square, where the Mincio leaves the Lake of Garda, is commanded by heights surrounding it, which gave it the name of the Spittoon. The town is small, containing about 2000 inhabitants, principally engaged in fishing. Peschiera is connected with Verona by a railway. A treble circle of walls and bastions, raised on the surrounding heights, enables the fortress to contain an army of at least 30,000 men, thus giving the commander the opportunity to act on the offensive as well as the defensive. The terrain of the Upper Mincio from Volta to Lonato—to which, besides Peschiera, Valeggio, and Salionzi serve as bases—is extremely favorable for the defensive. The town and barracks of Peschiera are surrounded by strong walls and bastions. These fortifications, however, are now of very secondary importance for its defense. It has been surrounded by a chain of very strong forts, nine in number, which lie at from half a mile to a mile distance from the town, and about a quarter of a mile from each other. Fort No. 1 is on the shore of the lake looking toward Lombardy. Fort No. 9, on the shore to the north of Peschiera. These forts are all very strong; they are of earth-work, with stone containing-walls, and are surrounded with moats. Peschiera, with this chain of fortresses, appears to be, like Verona, Mantua, and Venice, absolutely impregnable.

MANTUA,

at the southern point of the line of the Mincio, distant from Peschiera twenty miles, is a town of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, and is one of the few fortresses that inspired even NAPOLEON I. with respect. It is built on a flat island in the River Mincio, which forms here several small arms and a tolerably large lake, that bound Mantua on the north and east, while the river proper and a wide marsh surround it on the south and west. The fortifications of the town itself are of no great importance, and consist only of an old wall and bastions. It derives its great strength from the forts around it. The River Mincio, widening above and below Mantua, and the whole country around being extremely marshy, would render it very difficult for a besieger to construct bridges near enough to each other to secure



JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., M.P.—[SEE PAGE 726.]



THE GALAGO MAHOLI OF SOUTH AFRICA.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

the necessary support. The besieged, on the other hand, can change with ease from one bank to the other, and attack an enemy where he is weakest.

Legnago is a small place; about 1000 men suffice to garrison it. The fortifications are, however, very strong, and the place is of importance, as guarding the passage of the Adige, which is tolerably wide here. Immense rice-fields stretch away far to the southwest, and are traversed by but few roads.

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY,

of which we give an illustration on page 725, is an interesting heir-loom, which, by special stipulation, now reverts to Italy.

This crown was used for the coronation of the kings of Italy, and was given, in 616, by **THEODOLINDA**, Queen of the Lombards, to the Basilica of Monza. It derives its name from the circle of iron incrusted in the interior, and supposed to have been forged out of one of the nails of the cross. The diameter of the crown is six inches, and it is two and a quarter inches wide. It is composed of a kind of jointed collar in gold, and is loaded with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones, uncut and interspersed with flowers of gold. Apart from its antiquity, it possesses no other merit than the richness of the materials of which it is formed, and does not manifest any great artistic talents in the Lombard or Italian goldsmiths at the end of the sixth century—the date of the crown. It served at the coronation of **NAPOLEON** at Milan, when he placed it on his own head, saying, "Dio me la diede, quai a chi la tocca!" words which afterward became the motto of the Order of the Iron Crown.

PRELATES OF THE SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL.

ON the 7th of October the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore commenced its session. It was a religious gathering of great importance to the Roman Catholic Church, comprising seven archbishops and thirty-nine bishops. The venerable appearance of most of the delegates, clad in robes fashioned after a model eighteen centuries old, had an impressive effect. We may readily believe the *Catholic Mirror* when it says that "the representative character of those who composed the central figures in the Council, their eminence of station, the collected wisdom of those present in all departments of sacred and profane lore—letters truly typified as the handmaid of religion—revered age and experience, united harmoniously with the strength and fire of early manhood; the splendor and richness of decoration, such as our Church ritual requires, blended with the pomp of ceremony; the swelling strains of sacred music, pouring forth in consonance with the Pontifical High Mass; each and all conspired to ravish the heart, and entrance the soul with the transports of divine adoration."

The State of Maryland may well be proud of her Catholic history. Her **CALVERT** was the great pioneer in the cause of religious liberty. "He was the first," says **BANCROFT**, "in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which, as yet, had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a Proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State."

The objects of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore were the re-establishment of discipline, and the general well-ordering of the affairs of the Church in America. It is fourteen years since the First Plenary Council met. These Councils are assembled by express direction of the Pope, who appoints a representative of his authority in the Apostolic Delegate he commissions to preside over them. In this case the Delegate was Dr. M. J. **SPALDING**, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Our engraving represents the archbishops and bishops assembled in front of the Cathedral, and is after a photograph by **BENDANN BROTHERS**, of this city. Mr. **BENDANN** spent two weeks in making a series of pictures—single figures and groups—of the various prelates at the archiepiscopal palace, and the results, apart from the interest attaching to them as portraits, are remarkable as works of art. These and other choice pictures are on free exhibition at the **BENDANN BROTHERS'** Gallery, No. 95 Fifth Avenue, corner of Seventeenth Street. The **BENDANNS** deserve great credit for their efforts to elevate their art, and we trust that success will crown their enterprise.

JOHN BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., member of the British Parliament for Birmingham, the great agitator in the interest of manhood suffrage, and one of the firmest friends of America and her institutions, is the son of **JACOB BRIGHT**, Esq., of Greenbank, near Rochdale, and was born in 1811. He is a partner in the firm of **JOHN BRIGHT & BROTHERS**, cotton-spinners and manufacturers, of Rochdale. Though he had taken part in the reform agitation of 1831-32, Mr. **BRIGHT** first distinguished himself in political life when, in 1839, he became one of the earliest members of the Anti-Corn-Law League, which sprung out of an association formed in 1838 to obtain the repeal of the corn-laws. In April, 1843, he unsuccessfully contested the representation of the city of Durham, for which, however, he was returned in July following; and he continued to sit for Durham until 1847, when he was first returned for Manchester. He made his maiden speech in Parliament on the motion of Mr. **EWART** for extending the principles of free-trade, August 7, 1843. During the interval between his election for Manchester and the accession of the first **DERBY** Ministry to power Mr. **BRIGHT'S** activity in Parliament and on the platform was varied and continuous. In the House of Commons he proposed to apply the remedy of free-trade in land to the state of things which produced the Irish famine. He appealed, unsuccessfully, for the dispatch of a Royal commission to investigate the condition of India; and in 1849 he was appointed one of the members of the once celebrated Select Committee of the House of Commons on official salaries. At Westminster, and still more in the provinces, especially at Manchester, he co-operated with Mr. **COBDEN** in the movement which the latter sought to create in favor of financial reform, mainly with a view to the reduction of the naval and military establishments. In 1851 he added his vote to those of the famous Parliamentary coalition which attempted to censure Lord **PALMERSTON** in the Pacifico affair; and in 1852 he took a prominent part in the welcome given to **KOSSUTH** by the advanced Liberals of Lancashire.

On the formation of the first Derby Ministry Mr. **BRIGHT** aided in that temporary reorganization of the Anti-Corn-Law League which the acceptance of free-trade by the new Government afterward rendered unnecessary. He was re-elected for Manchester, after a contest, at the next general election. With the accession of Lord **ABERDEEN'S** Ministry to power began the discussion of the Eastern question, his share in which alienated from Mr. **BRIGHT** many of his former supporters. Mr. **BRIGHT** denounced the policy of the Russian War with energy; but his protests against it were stopped by an attack of severe illness, and just as the war had been brought to a close Mr. **BRIGHT** was compelled to forego all public action. He withdrew eventually to the Continent, and the news of the defeat of Lord **PALMERSTON** on the Canton question reached him while in Italy, in March, 1857. Although he had, of course, taken no personal part in the debate or division which produced Lord **PALMERSTON'S** appeal to the country, yet he avowed his entire approval of the vote of censure which had been proposed by Mr. **COBDEN** and seconded by Mr. **MILNER GIBSON**. While offering himself for re-election at Manchester, he was forbidden by his medical attendants to appear on the hustings; and Manchester rejected both Mr. **BRIGHT** and Mr. **GIBSON** by large majorities. A few months afterward the death of Mr. **MUNTZ** caused a vacancy in the representation of Birmingham. The constituency invited Mr. **BRIGHT** to become a candidate, and he was elected in the August of 1857.

Mr. **BRIGHT** has sat uninterruptedly for Birmingham since, no opposition to his return having ever been attempted. He is now the acknowledged leader of the more advanced school of reformers, and is certainly the most talked-of, and perhaps the best-abused, man in her Majesty's dominions.

A MAMMOTH JAWBONE.

OUR engraving on page 725 represents the jawbone of a mastodon, found recently by some workmen in their excavations at Harmony Hill, in Cohoes, New York. This relic is quite perfect as regards preservation. The right jaw has but one tooth, while the left has three, all in good condition. The extreme length of the jaw is 32 inches, the greatest width at the hinge being 21 inches; it weighs 48 pounds.

Professor **HALL** of Albany, the geologist, has visited Cohoes, and pronounces the bone to be the jawbone of a mastodon. The excavation has now been arched over and the work of building commenced; hence we may conclude that the other wonders in that great curiosity-shop of nature, the peat bed, are forever sealed from the public eye.

THE GALAGO MAHOLI.

THIS beautiful little animal is a native of South Africa. Its habits are very nocturnal, feeding chiefly upon insects and fruit. Dr. **KIRK** met with it on the wooded mountains about Tete, on the Zambesi, and also on the shores of the Nyassa Lake. He says it would leap at least 6 feet in a horizontal direction, as noiselessly as an owl. Mr. **FRAZER** observed this species, or one closely allied to it, at Cape Coast, Western Africa, in a tamarind-tree, at the top of which it had its nest, composed of loose leaves in the forked branch of the tree. The quick and froglike leaps of this pretty little animal are most remarkable for the perfect manner in which the animal alights firmly on the branches, after the fashion of the tree-frogs. Our illustration represents the living specimen which was lately added to the collection of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park Gardens, London.

OUR MEXICAN ILLUSTRATIONS.

AMONG the various battles, sieges, captures and recaptures, executions and retaliatory executions which now diversify the military annals of Mexico, not the least interesting incident is that which is the immediate occasion of our illustrations on page 732.

The Liberals have of late suffered more serious loss from their mutual dissensions than from **MAXIMILIAN'S** soldiers. In the anarchy which at present exists, with the prospect of an early withdrawal of the French, every ambitious Mexican chief thinks himself the Coming Man, destined to control the country and to bring order out of chaos. And these leaders of factions hate each other more than they hate the French. A few weeks since Colonel **CANALES** usurped the control of Matamoras, and imprisoned General **TAPIA**, the legitimate Governor of the State of Tamaulipas. To rescue **TAPIA**, and to restore to him his legitimate authority, was the object of an expedition undertaken on the night of September 21. The expeditionary force, under command of General **FORD**, was not large. It consisted of about 175 Americans and 30 Mexicans. A reinforcement of 300 Texan Volunteers was expected, but did not appear in season to participate in the attack. The expedition was to be supported by the gun-boat *Chinaco*, armed with a 12-pound rifle and a smooth-bore howitzer, and manned by a crew of eight men, under command of Captain B. S. **OSBON**, of New York. The attack was to begin at midnight. The expeditionary force was in camp on the American side of the Rio Grande, a few miles above Brownsville. The night proved stormy, and hours were wasted in collecting the force, so that it was three in the morning before the attack began. The fighting was of short duration. The troops went forward, seized the Plaza, the Department Head-quarters, the Custom-house, and were storming the Jail when, from some unaccountable cause, the order was given to fall back. Only a few shots had been exchanged; none of the advancing party injured. As soon as it was daylight the *Chinaco* steamed across to Brownsville, where, as **CANALES** threatened to open fire upon her, she was surrendered to the United States officials, leaving the United States authorities to decide a question as to who was justly entitled to her, **CANALES**, a usurper, or the **JUAREZ** Government. The expedition was mostly made up of Americans. It is claimed by the reports which we have that **TAPIA** was released. Since the affair of the 21st September General **FORD** has organized a larger force, with which he intends to make another attack on **CANALES**.

Our illustrations give a view of Matamoras from the opposite side of the Rio Grande; a view of the outer defenses of Matamoras—Forts Zaragossa and Monterey—where the American-Mexican troops under General **FORD** were quartered previous to the attack which we have described; a sketch representing the attack on the Government House, **CANALES'S** head-quarters, in which General **TAPIA** was confined; and portraits of **CANALES** and his right-hand man, Colonel **CERDA**.

PARLOR MAGIC.

THERE are a number of simple mechanical tricks which can be, and indeed often are, performed in the parlor and drawing-room, which depend on some amount of practice, as well as a reliance on some mechanical or philosophical principles. Others, known as "jugglers' jokes," are simply absurd, and are occasionally introduced to vary an evening's entertainment, or to distract the attention of the audience. Among the best of these feats is

THE REGAL PROBLEM.

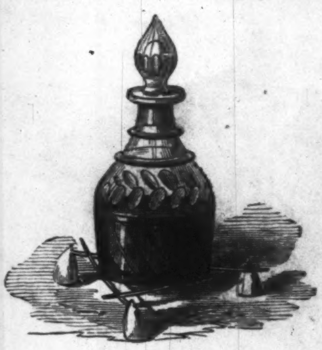
It is said that in the early days of the Royal Institution King Charles II. inquired of the learned fellows how it was that, if a gray mullet was placed in a bucket of water, full to the brim, the water would not overflow? Several learned answers and explanations were given, but the Merry Monarch demanded that they should be submitted to the test of practical experiment. The fish and the vessel of water were procured; souse went the fish, bespattering the astonished philosophers and laughing king with the splashing water. A modification of this regal problem may be thus solved: Fill a clean, dry wine-glass with water to the brim, so that apparently a drop more would cause it to overflow. Now, in place of the gray mullet, you propose to place pins in the water. How many do you think could be dropped in without causing the water to overflow? Probably a spectator would say, "Not one; more sanguine individuals would say, "Forty;" others, "Twenty;" but the most credulous would not believe that several hundreds could be dropped in without causing one drop of water to overflow. Nay, by carefully dropping them in, one at a time, point downward, you can continue until the glass is pretty closely packed with the pins, and they are piled high above the surface. This trick depends on the capillary attraction of the glass at the margin, which prevents the water rising where it is in direct contact. The water rises in the centre until it assumes a convexity proportionate to the displacement below. This displacement is more apparent than real, as the metal in one hundred pins, if melted together, would be comparatively small—in fact, equal to the water displaced. The greater diameter at the top of the glass, the larger the number of pins which may be placed in it. Should the brim of the glass become wet the trick will fail.

THE IRON HAND.

This is a mere piece of deception. You tell your audience that by a certain preparation you have rendered your knuckles like adamant, so that nothing can hurt them; in proof of which, raise your firmly clenched hand to strike a marble mantlepiece; but as you bring it down open your fingers suddenly and strike the marble, then close them again. If this is quickly done it will seem as if you had struck your knuckles in the most violent manner.

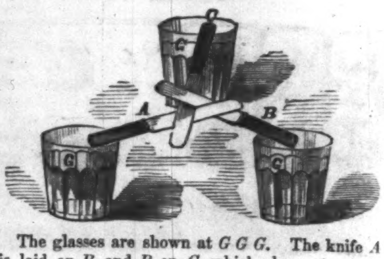
THE SMOKER'S TRIPOD.

This ingenious trick consists in so placing three tobacco-pipes with the bowls downward (as shown in the engraving), each stem resting upon the stem of its neighbor, close by the bowl, so that it would support a decanter of water or wine, a pot of porter, or other similar weight.



THE BRIDGE OF KNIVES.

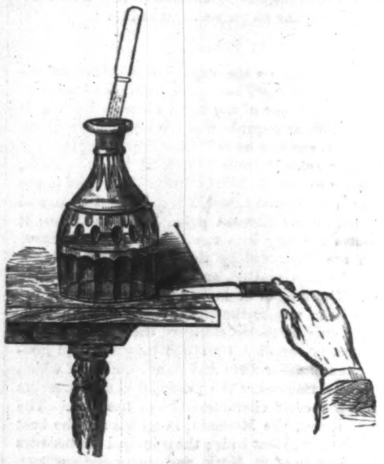
This is a pretty feat in mechanics. Three glasses are arranged in the form of a triangle, and three knives are arranged on them so as to form a bridge, as shown in the annexed diagram:



The glasses are shown at *G G G*. The knife *A* is laid on *B*, and *B* on *C*, which also rests on *A*. This cleverly formed bridge is self-supporting.

THE FLYING KNIFE.

To perform this trick with adroitness requires some skill and no little practice. A decanter about half full of water is placed on a *square* dining-table, about three inches from the edge. A dessert knife is then shown, and the blade is inserted between the decanter and the table, just sufficient to keep it in a horizontal position. The problem is to introduce the knife into the decanter by one blow of the hand. To do this seemingly impossible feat the handle of the knife must be struck a sharp blow by the index finger of the right hand. This, if properly done, will cause the knife to fly upward and descend into the mouth of the decanter.



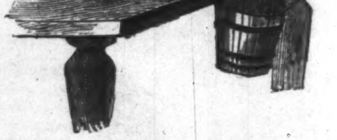
Another curious instance of mechanical force, acting in an apparently magical way, is the

MAGIC STROKE.

A stick which has been tapered off from the middle toward each end, if placed with its tapered ends resting on two wine-glasses, may be broke without injuring the wine-glasses, if struck smartly just in the centre. The stick must not be too thick. The firing of a candle through a deal board or a bullet through a glass window are parallel instances of the law of force applied in a similar manner.

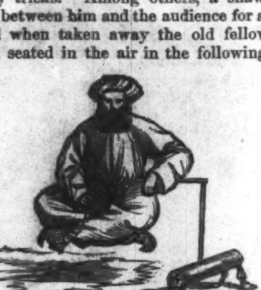
SELF-BALANCING.

There are two or three feats performed which depend on the laws of gravitation. I will here briefly describe one of the simplest. A stick is laid across a table, so that one-third of it projects over its edge. You may then undertake to hang a pail of water on it without either fastening the stick on the table or letting the pail rest on any support. This is accomplished in obedience to the laws of gravitation.



The pail of water is hung (as in the foregoing diagram) on the projecting end of the stick, in such a manner that the handle may rest on it in an inclined position, with the middle of the pail within the edge of the table. To fix it in this position another stick may be placed with one of its ends against the side at the bottom of the pail, and its other end (as shown) against the first stick, where there should be a notch to retain it: this prevents either the pail or stick moving. On the same principle a pair of common fire-tongs may be hung on an ordinary tobacco-pipe, care alone being taken to let the fire-tongs incline inward under the table.

These tricks are childish, but, strange to say, they display the principles of the most astonishing tricks. Some years ago an Asiatic juggler made his appearance in London, who performed some extraordinary tricks. Among others, a shawl was suspended between him and the audience for a brief space, and when taken away the old fellow was discovered seated in the air in the following posture, quietly smoking his hookah. His left arm alone rested on a small bar of iron, which was at-



tached by an upright rod—as shown in the engraving—to a small stand. Though no explanation was ever vouchsafed of this wonder, it is now known that finely-wrought rods passed through the loose drapery of the Arab conjuror, and formed a seat on which he rested; the centre of gravity being so placed that it enabled the conjuror to keep the apparently impossible position without any extraordinary effort whatever. Some curious illustrations of the same principle have been given by modern conjurors in different ways.

There is a toy called the "prancing horse," and several descriptions of rope-dancers and balancers, which will illustrate the same principle. A good parlor trick is to lift a bottle with a straw; the straw being bent or hooked into a V shape, so that a fulcrum is obtained against two sides of the bottle. It is only necessary to choose a stout straw. Another feat for the parlor is to steep a piece of thread in a strong brine of salt and water, and, when dry, a ring may be tied to it and the string burned, but it will not let the ring fall. Paper is made fire-proof by being steeped in strong alum and water. These tricks will serve to vary the more pretentious and difficult feats of legerdemain.

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

THE day was very young indeed when pretty Esther, bright and fresh as the morn herself, stole out of her little chamber, and, thanks to instructions received overnight, made her way out into the beautiful gardens for which Gosling Graize had long been renowned. She was to leave at eight, before which hour Sir George seldom quitted his room, and thus the young lady calculated that she might enjoy a ramble in the gardens, if not a short run in the woods, without attracting the notice of her host.

But she reckoned without that host.

She tripped gayly on, across the lawns, up one walk, down another, trying to lose her way in that, to her, enchanted labyrinth, and almost dancing in the buoyancy of spirit which a fair morning, lighting up lovely things, commonly brings to the young. For a moment she sat down on a rustic seat; now she peeped into an arbor; now lingered beside a crystal spring, and caught the liquid diamonds as they glittered forth. Passing up a path shaded with laurel and arbutus, she approached what appeared to be a garden more private than the rest. It was, however, guarded only by a light wire fence. The gate was open, and a flush of roses beyond proved too tempting. Esther glided in. It comprised about half an acre, and was filled with rose-trees. It was the famed rose-pleasance of Gosling Graize, pride and solace of many a defunct Dame Gosling, and fruitful source of heart-burning among all gardeners of the district whose hearts were in their office.

Rose-time was past, but a few varieties were yet in bloom, and Esther, whose passion was a rose, examined them with delight. One, just attaining perfection, turned its glowing face toward her. She gathered it tenderly.

"When I die," she said, aloud, "may the last of God's beautiful works I see—except the dear human face—be one of *you!*"

"Who comes into the giant's garden at cock-crow to steal his favorite roses?" said a voice of assumed ferocity, as the speaker, looking as unlike Cormoran or Blunderbore as a handsome youth might, issued from a trellised arbor artfully concealed in an angle of the pleasance.

Esther uttered a startled exclamation, and, in catching back her hand, scratched it somewhat smartly with a thorn.

"I am the unluckiest fellow in the world," exclaimed the giant, at once contracting into the ordinary dimensions, "in practical jokes! See, now, what I have done! My savage kinsman, Hurlo-Thrumbo the Three-headed, could do no more than shed your blood. Let me assist you, I beg."

The hand had to submit, and afforded George an opportunity of noticing what *we* have learned already—that it was a pretty hand, but one that had not spared itself in the battle of life, and now accepted the thorn-scratch with the indifference of a veteran.

Esther thanked him, and murmured some excuse for her intrusion.

"My dear young lady, not a word," said the baronet. "It was by the merest chance—a fortunate one for me—that I rose so early, and wandered hither; a corner precious to my sister, but which I rarely visit. I observe," he continued, "that you called me by my name. Was that a guess?"

"Not quite. I saw you last night, for a moment, on the stairs."

"You knew me *then?*"

"I—I had been looking at your picture," said Esther, hastily. "But, indeed, I might more properly ask, how do *you* know *me?*" she added, laughing to cover her embarrassment.

"I—I had been questioning my butler," replied Sir George, with affected hesitation. "Come, Miss Vann, since the giant has a fancy for retaining you in his den (though without, I do assure you, any culinary purpose), let him do what he may to atone for the detention, by showing you the treasures of his garden."

Sir George looked at his companion. Esther was without a bonnet, and the burnished hair, in its smooth bands, was the sole protection to the little shapely head, well set upon a white and not too slender neck. Her countenance betrayed a rare mixture of firmness and sensibility. Her mouth and chin might have been cut in stone, so inexorable was their expression; while, on the other hand, her ready color, moistening eye, and an occasional quick nervous movement in conversing, betrayed the excitability of a nature that must have attained the self-government Esther usually displayed.

She wore a dress of poor material, with, here and there, a neat though palpable darn, but adapting itself perfectly to her little, faultless figure, and set off with collar and wristbands like the driven snow.

It would seem that Sir George speedily forgot his promise concerning the flowers; oddly enough, Miss Vann appears to have forgotten it also. Certain it is that, without any pretense of visiting the choice parterres, the two strolled on, from walk to walk, in a state of perfect contentment. It would be difficult to say which had been the more surprised. Expecting in Esther a half-educated girl, whom a few polished remarks, made in an easy, patronizing way, would more than satisfy, perhaps instruct, the baronet found himself engaged with one whose information seemed fully equal to his own, in whose taste he could detect no flaw, and whose modes of expression, singularly terse and clear, were wholly free from those conventionalities which are frequently indicative of superficial education.

As for Esther, the more she listened to her companion's discourse, the more overpowering became her amazement that a nature so refined should have been prompted to seek such an association as that which impended! Good soul as she knew her aunt to be, Esther's taste and judgment had long since convinced her that the worthy woman was not above, if indeed she might not be considered a shade below, the station to which she belonged. Could there be some misconception? Or was it an idle jest? The latter theory did not seem to harmonize with Sir George's character and bearing. Was one or other of the parties *mad?* If so, *which?*

"Why did you look at me in that quick way?" asked George, abruptly, but with a smile.

"*Did* I?" said Esther, caught in the fact.

"Yes, more than once; and as I do not remember," continued George, "that my observations were, in either instance, of a startling character, hence my curiosity. You must have discovered by this time that I am a tame and civil-spoken monster, and can have no serious misgivings on that score. Come, Miss Vann, something prompted that quick movement. You hesitate? Then I proceed to guess. You have been debating in your mind whether there is not in my family a slight taint of—of insanity—"

Esther colored.

"—and endeavoring," continued George, "to detect some evidence of it in my face?"

The blush deepened.

"An eloquent answer," said the young man, laughing. "Now tell me, Miss Vann, is it, or is it not, incumbent on us to observe a solemn pledge?"

"How can you ask?"

"At hazard of every thing?"

"Yes, at—"

Esther made a sudden pause. A thought, suggested she hardly knew how—most probably by a remark she had heard overnight—flashed across her mind.

"He has had a love-quarrel with—with the lady they spoke of at the Haie. This absurd proposal to my aunt was made in pique and passion. Wrong—foolish—cruel to all three!"

"You don't answer me," said George.

"Nor do *you* need the assurance of a nursery-governess," said Esther, rather spitefully, "that *every* promise should be kept, unless—unless—"

"What?"

"—canceled by its wicked rashness."

"I should have said, a deliberate promise."

"There is a deliberation in passion itself," said Esther. "I spoke, of course, of that rashness which willfully blinds itself to former obligations, inconsistent with the new."

"But if the penalty of such doings attached only to one's self—"

"It would be simply what we deserve."

"Only, it rarely does," said George.

"Rarely," said Esther.

"That's the worst of it," said George.

"The worst," assented Esther.

They walked on in silence for a few moments, following their respective trains of thought.

Esther's: "Poor, rich, unhappy man! A whole life of regret, remorse, and mortification, for perhaps one moment's anger! Two happy, beautiful lives spoiled, a third not benefited, for what happiness could poor dear old aunt find in a position so false as *this?* What a fate for each! Can nothing be done? Nothing?" And the girl's heart swelled with genuine compassion as she glanced at the fortunate descendant of twenty-five generations walking at her side.

The musing of George: "She would have me pause. Now *why?* From pity? What interest can she have in my individual self to outweigh the advantage, to her, of the connection? Stay, now: is *this* possible? Can the old wo—" (George shuddered, as he checked the epithet in his mind)—"can she have reflected on the absurd anomaly of such a union, and, by way of experiment, cast this fair temptation in my way? In that case, my vow compels me to accept it. She is not a Mildred" (he sighed), "but, at all events, an Esther, fair, sweet, and, if I am not mistaken, singularly lovable. Not an atom of vulgarity, no false refinement, no pretense. Ah, if it be so. The good old creature!" thought George, glowing with gratitude for the supposed reprieve, "the faithful old cook! The sacrifice is noble. It invests her whole fraternity with a dignity of which one would not have conceived it susceptible. Now, the question is—"

"It is time for me to return, Sir George," said Esther, at this moment stopping short.

"Our progress shall end among those myrtles," said George, pointing onward.

"There will be little made of verbs and pronouns," returned Esther, laughing, "if I am not at home by school-time, ten o'clock." On her turning to go back, like one accustomed to have her own way, Sir George had to yield.

They had scarcely made a step or two, when Esther, seeming to take a sudden resolution, abruptly addressed him:

"Sir George, I wish to do you an essential service. I have heard that you have made an offer of marriage to my aunt. Do you forget that she is your cook?"

"I by no means forget that she *has* been. If—if she is my intended wife," said George, "the situations are incompatible."

"You reply so frankly that I am encouraged to continue my catechism," said Esther, with the beaming smile with which she was wont to reward a promising pupil. "Do you think she will prove a better wife than cook?"

"Scarcely possible," said George, laughing.

"Do you consider her a fitting wife for yourself? How will your sister receive this news?"

"That alone is *my* especial affair," replied the young man, in a low voice.

"You are right, Sir," said Esther. "I shall presently have done with my impertinent questioning. Will you answer three times more?"

"According to my usual indiscretion—*yes*," said George.

"Had you any thought, before yesterday, of making my aunt your wife?"

"None in the least," was the prompt reply.

"Was this condescending offer the only courtship you pursued yesterday?"

"No—I—yes—well, upon the whole, *no*," said the catechised.

"Last question—it will be long and somewhat circumstantial; but if I am wrong in the minutest particular, you are at liberty to put the whole aside unanswered. Were you not yesterday paying your addresses to a lady of your own condition, whom you believed not averse to them? Had you not some difference with her, ending in grief and anger—at least on *your* side? And was not your proposal to my aunt the offspring of that momentary passion?"

"That may be called a triangular query," replied George, smiling. "No matter. All is true. But the story is not fully told."

"Enough is told," said Esther. "Now listen to the lecture that concludes my catechising. Whatever your motive, *self*, Sir George, was at its root. It was the act of a being naturally reasonable, but who, casting all moral guidance to the winds, willfully commits himself to the current of wrath, not knowing—nor, for the moment, heeding—what wrong or peril it may entail. Because you have become indifferent to the vessel of your own happiness, are you entitled to run down the barks of others? Can this folly compensate for the slight, whatever it be, that you have suffered at your lady's hand? Is it intended for revenge? If she does not love you, there is none. If she does, will nothing less than a life-long penitence satisfy your resentment? What can she have done to merit that? Nay, what has my poor aunt herself done, that her thirteen years' faithful service should be so rewarded?"

"You speak, my dear young lady, as if it were a penalty."

"It *is*," replied his monitress. "To be dragged up from a station in which she was contented, useful, and respected, to one in which she can only be a mark for ridicule and envy."

"If your aunt partakes these sentiments," said the young baronet, with resignation, "far be it from me to press my claims. Does she?"

"I might reply, 'That alone is her especial affair,'" said Miss Vann. "It is quite possible that she may not yet have fully weighed the incongruities, the endless inconveniences and absurdities, of such an alliance. See, we are at the end of our walk. The last words you will ever hear from my lips shall be honest, if not agreeable. You have insulted—not honored—your old servant by the preposterous offer you have made her. If she does not herself regard it in that light, that is a greater reflection upon your openness than her judgment. I wish you good-morning!"

"A moment," said George. "The last words I shall hear from your lips? Not so, I hope. Should the marriage take place, we shall be—"

"Strangers," said Esther, almost fiercely. "May this foot wither if ever it passes the threshold of these gates!"

The young man hesitated, and the color rose to his brow.

"Had I had such a counselor before, my course might have been wiser. Even now," he added, "since it is not wholly certain—" He stopped.

"Since what is not wholly certain?"

"That my offer has been accepted."

"Pardon me. As I have said, that is no affair of mine," said Esther, coldly.

"Pardon *me*," returned George. "It may be. Condescend to hear me for an instant," he continued, noticing her impatience. "You have lectured me with some severity, but not without justice. Though undeserving of such a lot, I would fain, were it possible, retain the privilege to be so lectured when my judgment is disposed to stray. Tell me, Miss Vann—Esther, if I may call you so—should your good aunt view this matter in the same sensible and dispassionate manner as yourself, would you, or in other words, might I—to speak, in short, explicitly, should she—"

"When we arrive at the dominant verb," said the young governess, unable to forbear a smile, "I shall be better able to reply."

"I am not accustomed to stammer at my lessons," replied Sir George. "The consciousness of having made one grievous mistake—"

"Sometimes betrays one into another," said Esther.

"Is it so? Have I, then, no hope?"

"Hope, Sir!"

"Let me, for Heaven's sake, make myself understood. Esther, you who have penetrated the secret of my selfishness, and restored me, I hope, to better reason, will you—should your aunt's refusal leave me free—accept this hand? Worthy of more than I can offer—"

"Worthy of *more!*" interrupted Esther, turning her face upon him, and speaking in a calm, low voice. "Worthy, at least, of more than a love some minutes old—a hand pledged to one person, and offered to another—and a fortune I despise as heartily as I do the infatuation of supposing it a passport to the favor of any woman whose love is worth winning. Good Heavens, Sir! in dissuading you from the folly you were bent upon committing, do you dare to imagine that I would win you for myself? Our conference has been too long. I am obliged to you for your courtesies. Not another word is needed. Farewell!"

She turned, and walked away.

"Another false move," muttered George, as he gazed after her. "Shall I never regain my balance?"

He walked thoughtfully toward the house, taking, however, a different path from Esther's, but had not made many steps when one of the under gardeners, bursting through the belt of shrubs, came running, hoe in hand, to meet him.

"Redditch! what now? What's the matter?" asked his master.

The man thrust his hoe into George's hand.

"Swartz—Swartz—Swartz!" he gasped, breathlessly.

"Swartz! What of him? Collect yourself, man. What do you mean?"

"He's gone mad, Sir George! Raging wild about the garden, snapping savage at every thing he come near! Here he comes, by the Lord!" added Mr. Redditch, with a decided disposition to take to his heels.

A large black object was visible, for a moment, glancing across the flower-beds, and taking a direction which, intersecting at a right angle the path on which they stood, would lead the infuriated beast upon Esther's track.

"Stand behind me," said George. "Keep quite still. I am going to whistle. If he notices it have no fear. A mad dog never regards his master, nor turns to signal."

Mr. Redditch did not seem to relish the experiment, but he stood his ground.

The black mass came bounding into the gravel-walk, some forty yards distant. George whistled sharply, and called:

"Swartz—Swartz!"

The animal seemed to swerve, as though recognizing the summons, but next moment, with a sprawling plunge, dashed himself through the opposing shrubs, and continued his furious way.

Seriously alarmed, George set off at once in pursuit, followed by Redditch, armed, by this time, with a stout stake. At the place where the dog had made his blundering charge through the covert, beads and flakes of foam were plainly visible on the stems. It seemed but too plain that Swartz, a powerful mastiff, had become rabid.

The alarm had already spread. Shouts and cries were heard from the vicinity of the stables, and thither the young man bent his flying steps. All was evidently in commotion.

"Where is he, boy? Where is he?" called out George, catching by the sleeve an excited stable-boy who came rushing forth.

"Oh, Sir, the gun! the gun!" cried the boy.

"To my room. The first you find. Away with you! Is—is Miss—"

But the lad was already out of hearing.

In the stable-yard a singular scene presented itself. Crowded in the stable windows, mounted on ladder, wall, the roofs of dog-kennels, or any other secure position, almost the whole household of Gosling Graize were assembled, watching with intense anxiety the proceedings of Swartz and a little stable-lad, the brother of him who had been dispatched for the gun.

The dog had penned the boy into a corner, and, though as yet without doing him any injury, lay on the ground within a yard of him, his great black head between his paws, wallowing in foam, and his blood-red eyes glaring as if each moment he were about to make a deadly spring. Why he did not, seemed to be the mystery. With the spurning of his hinder paws the animal had thrown up a regular outwork behind him, and it was manifest that this incessant movement was edging him nearer and nearer to his prisoner. As for the latter—a fine little boy about ten, and hitherto enjoying the most friendly relations with Swartz—he sat paralyzed with terror, his blue eyes opened to their full extent, as if fascinated by the danger from which he could not escape. Attempts to drive the dog away had so evidently added to his fury that it had been resolved to leave him alone until fire-arms were at hand.

The young master thought differently. To his generous heart the boy's danger seemed too imminent to admit of a moment's delay. Disregarding the remonstrances of his servants, and taking no notice of a spasmodic shriek emitted, as in duty bound, by Mrs. Turnover, George walked steadily toward the crouching dog, and spoke to him in a tone of quiet, sharp command.

Swartz uttered a low growl, and flung the foam from his vexed jaws, but never took his eyes from his little prisoner.

"Listen, boy," said George; "I am about to take off the [illegible]s attention. The instant his eye is off you, use your legs."

The boy's lips moved in assent.

"Come, Sir, to kennel," said George, and, as he spoke, struck the hoe he carried sharply on the ground close to the dog.

Quick as lightning the brute was upon him, seizing him by the leg. It was an exchange of prisoners, for, hardly less swiftly, the boy had vanished from his perilous position, and was in safety. A loud cry burst from the spectators, and two or three of the men, shamed by the urgency of the occasion, were hastening forward to their master's assistance. But he motioned them back. Though held as in a vice, George's boots had resisted the animal's teeth, and he was as yet perfectly uninjured.

But what was now to be done? A gun had been brought and charged with swan-shot, but none dared use it while man and dog retained their relative positions. Neither was it possible to convey the weapon into George's hand, it being all but certain that the infuriated beast would only quit his present hold to fasten, perhaps with more fatal effect, upon the first who approached him. To complete the difficulties of the situation, the iron portion of the hoe had, when struck upon the ground, become detached from the handle, thus depriving George of all chance of dealing an effective blow at his dangerous assailant.

At this moment Esther, prepared for departure, and astonished at the sudden solitude that seemed to reign within the house, made her appearance on the scene. A few words made her acquainted with the danger that impended over the young master of the house, and the difficulty of interposition. The girl's face became scarlet, then white as snow. Without betraying the slightest apprehension, she approached within a pace of the dog, and, stooping slightly, strove to engage his attention. The animal's rolling eye met hers, and became fixed. He ceased to shake and mouth the object on which his fangs had closed, and George was even sensible of some relaxation of his vice-like hold. Would he spring upon the new-comer?

"For God's sake," began George, trying a last appeal.

"Be silent!" was Esther's only reply, her eye never quitting that of the dog. To the amazement of every body, Swartz now displayed evident symptoms of quailing. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, he detached his teeth from George's boots. Then Esther slowly extended her hand. Swartz shrank back an inch or two, shook the foam from his jaws, and uttered a piteous whine. As if this had been a signal of surrender, the brave girl, without further hesitation, put her hand between his collar and his shaggy neck, and turned him in the direction of a vacant kennel, close at hand. Yielding to the impulse, Swartz suffered himself to be conducted thither, and secured to the chain. But the excitement was not yet over. In turning, Esther's foot came in contact with the water-can placed there for the usual occupant of the kennel, and upset it. With the bound of a tiger, the dog instantly flew at her; but, checked by the chain, only touched her wrist and hand sufficiently to smear them with the mucous fluid that fringed his jaws.

George had recognized the fatal sign—even if the frightful appearance of the dog, reared on end, and snapping with convulsive fury at fancied objects around, had not of itself been proof sufficient. There was but one thing to do, and no time to lose in doing it. The staple that held the chain was of no great strength, and might yield before the powerful strain. He beckoned to the keeper, who put the gun into his hand.

"Farewell, my brave old boy!" he said, regretfully, and fired.

The foam changed to blood, and Swartz rolled over dead.

"Where is Miss Vann?" asked George, looking round for his young preserver.

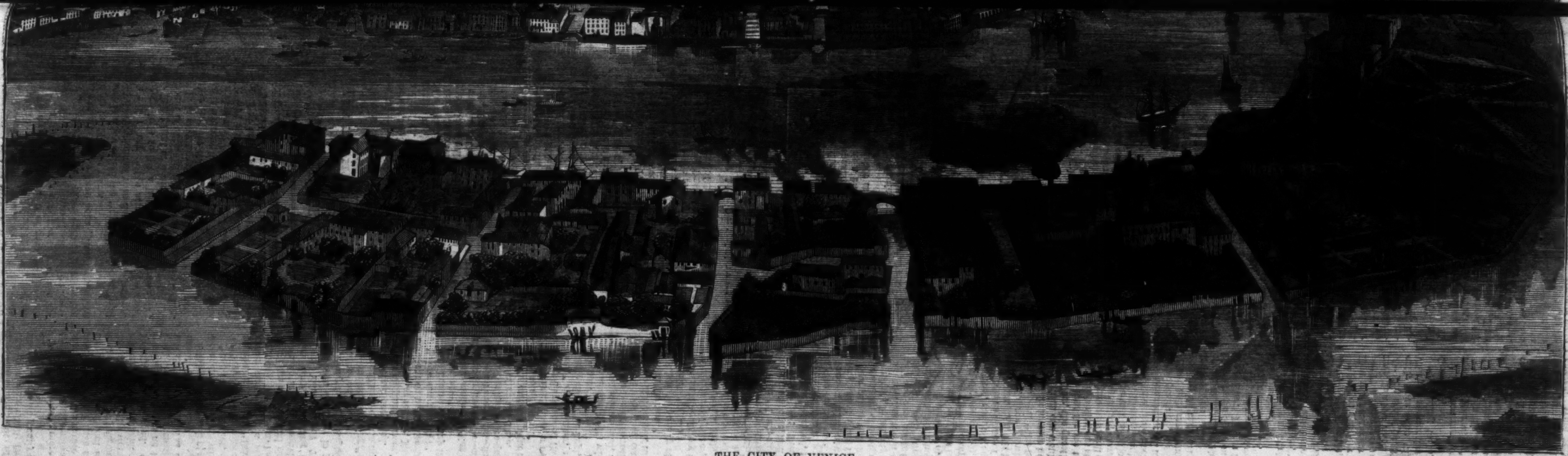
"In the 'ouse, I think, Sir George," said Mr. Fanshaw. "I think she got a little faintyish, Sir George. Shall I tell her you wants to see her, Sir George?"

"Do no such thing," said his master, and walked into the house.

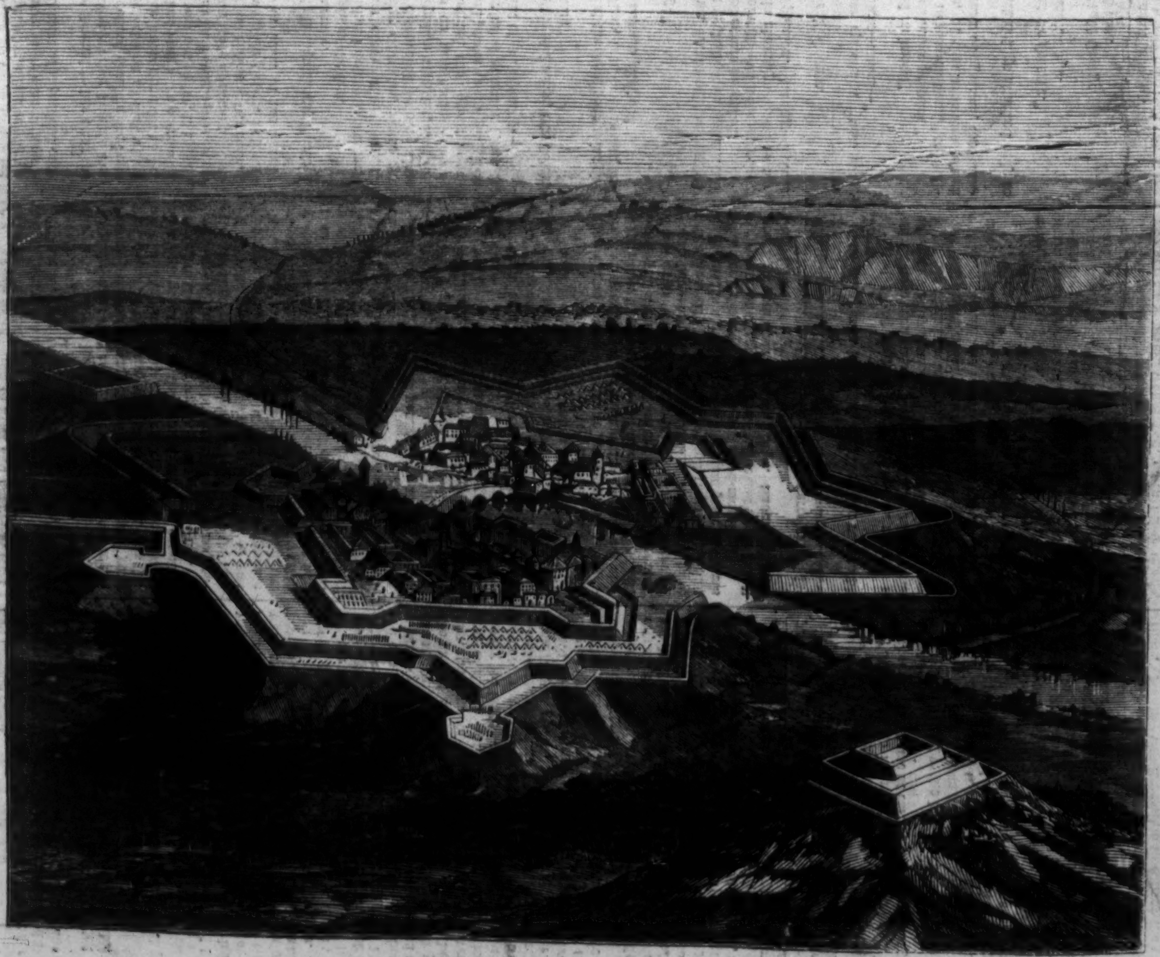
Mr. Fanshaw took a letter from his pocket, and examined it.

"There's somethin' inside o' you, I can feel," he muttered. "Now, *wot?* Shall I give it him now? I ort to. But, somehow, he don't seem in good cue."

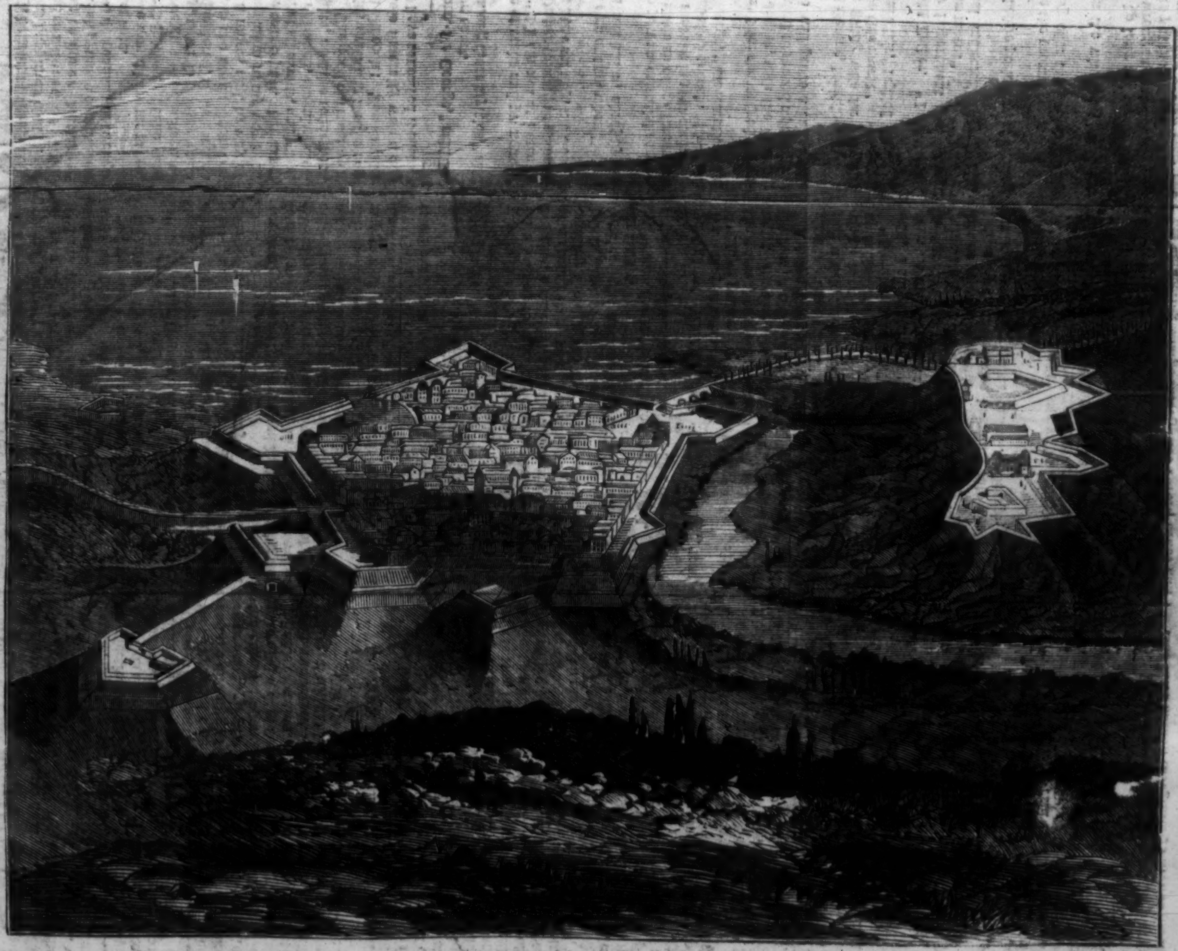
And Mr. Fanshaw thoughtfully followed his master.



THE CITY OF VENICE.

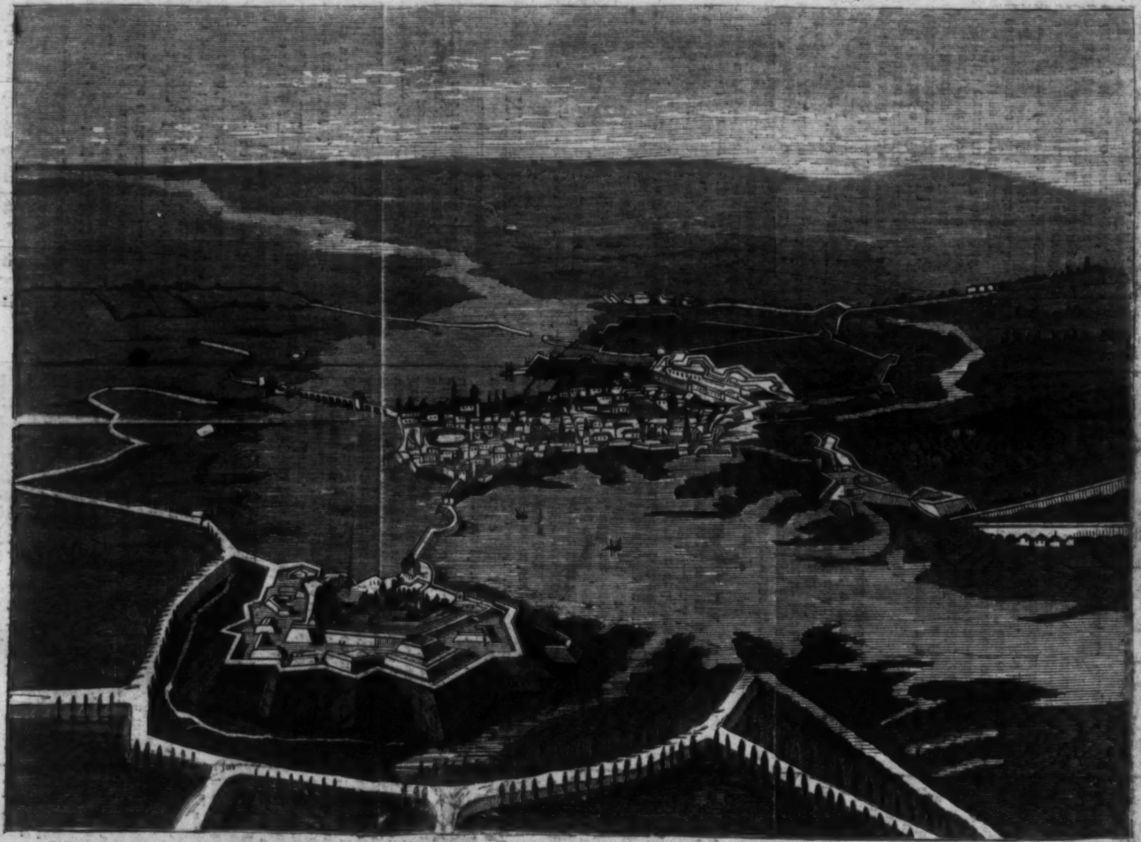


THE QUADRILATERAL—LEGNAGO.



THE QUADRILATERAL—PESCHIERA.

VENICE AND THE QUADRILATERAL.—[See Page 725.]



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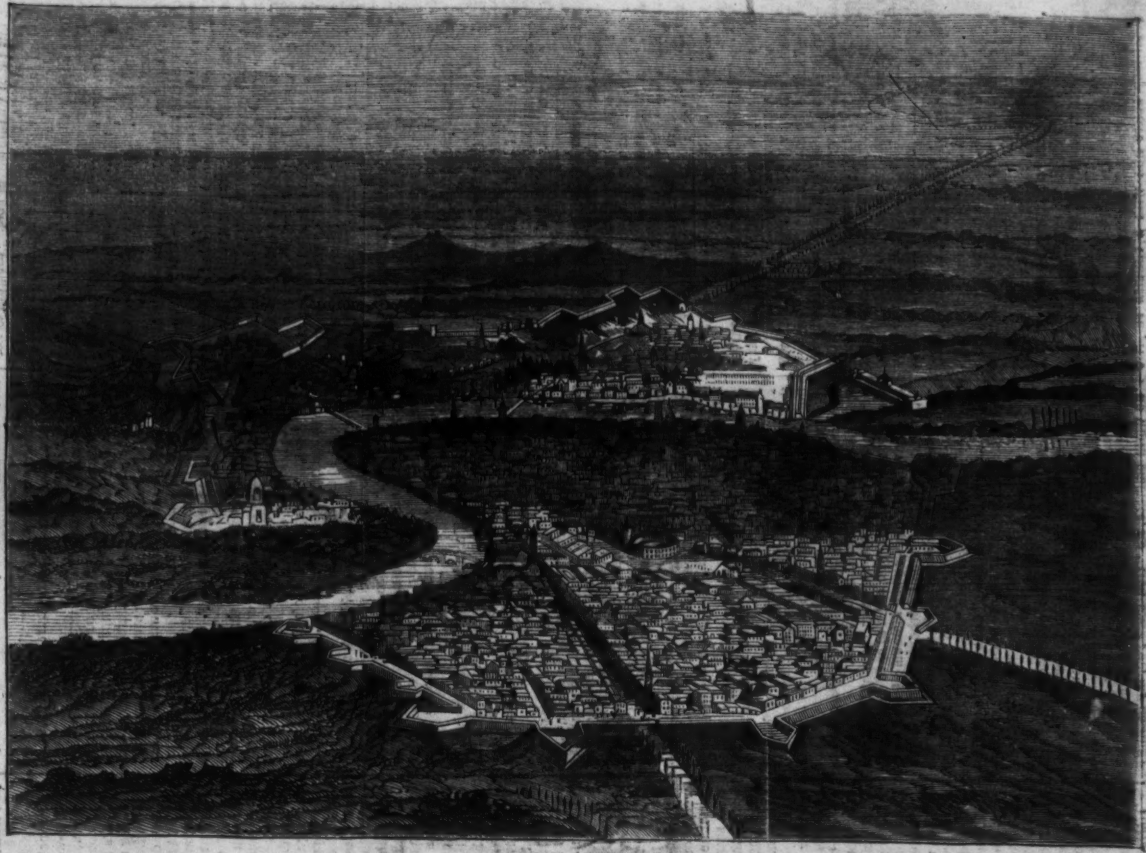

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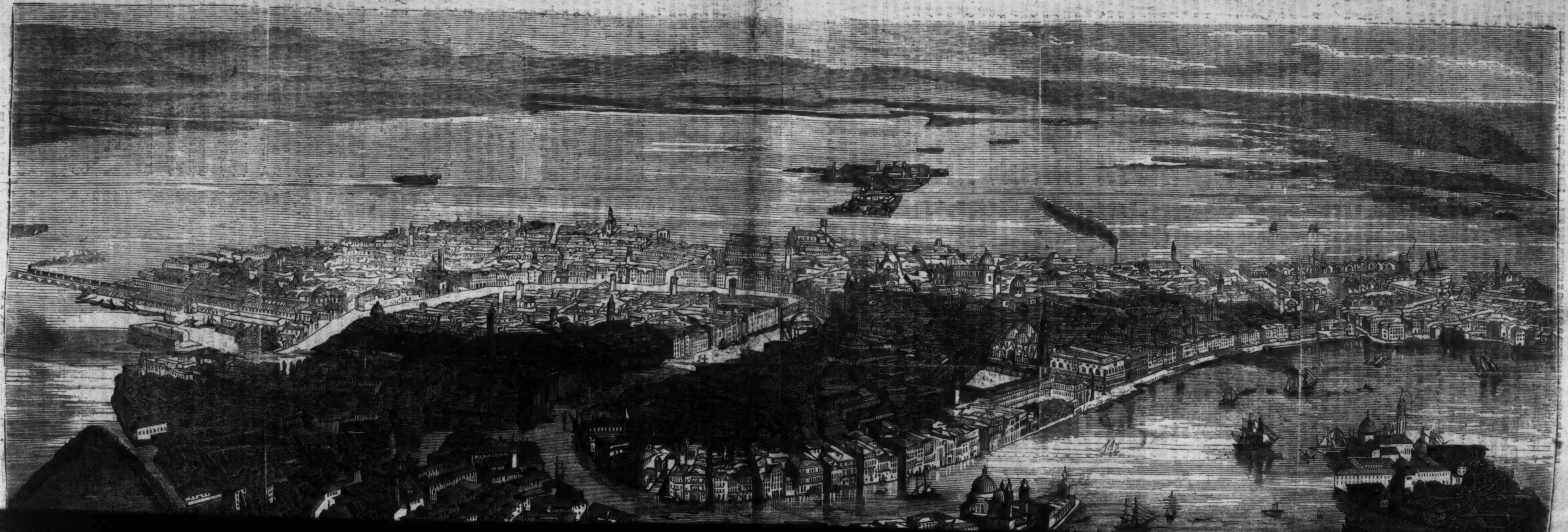


AUTUMN DAYS.

AGAIN the year throws down her golden horn
On thankful harvest field and granary floor,
And sun-flecked fruits roll out, and ears of corn,
And bulbous roots sweet to the inmost core.

What wealth is here! Earth's hidden, rocky veins
Of gold, slow-curdled as the ages passed,
Are paupered when the shining harvest plains
Spread out the store her short life has amassed.

Nor wealth alone. Lest man should grasp the prize
With thankless hands, and hasten to depart,
In holy beauty through his softened eyes
She passes in to sanctify his heart.

Her ministrant glory lightens on the leaves,
Her soft air folds the earth in deepest calm,
Her voice is in the rustling of the sheaves
And dropping fruits—the low, glad harvest psalm.

Her days are full of charity. The sun
Clasps warm the purple bubbles of her vines,
And dries her dusty bulbs that, one by one,
Are rolled from their damp beds in golden lines.

Perfect and pure is all the season's good,
Health-giving, tranquil, unto heart and brain;
So may life's harvest draw through heated blood,
And lull to rest its weary toil and pain.

NARCISETTO.

I.

ON the afternoon of the 22d of December, 186–, a stylish cab, driven by a young gentleman, drew up at the gate of "The Limes."

The cold was of that ferocious kind which devours most men's good-humor, and makes their faces appear ugly and ridiculous, painting their lips indigo, and with icy flame scorching into redness every feature where red ought not to be. But the young gentleman in question appeared to advantage amidst frost and east wind; nor did it seem that his temper suffered any more than his outer man. His large green-gray eyes shone with a wild unirritated lustre, like studs of gleaming aqua-marine. His cheeks were deeply colored just on the right spot; his lips appeared of a crimson exactly strong enough to set off his even white teeth to best advantage, and wore a smile which told of inward content.

The small tiger alighted, rang, and stationed himself under the tall iron-gray's nose. The iron-gray jingled his silver bells, fluttered his blue ribbons, pawed the ground with pompous self-appreciation.

Half a minute more and Narcisetto descended from his cab, showing a brief, tight figure, well-built and comfortable, made up with just carbon enough to keep the inner fire cheerfully aglow; showing too a perfect *toilette*—boots, gloves, and all the tests unimpeachable.

Narcisetto's errand to the Limes, be it known, was important; but as he walked the short paved pathway to the door he looked comfortable—almost careless.

He was shown into the drawing-room, which was pretty but not pretentious, full of proofs that the arranger owned good taste, if not great means. After the youth had waited as it seemed to him twenty mintes, actually three, the door opened, and a lady entered.

The lady of the house—Mrs. Arlingford, widow of the late Captain Arlingford (lost at sea two years back in his pretty clipper-built *Sea Spray*, homeward-bound from Hong Kong). She was beautiful. She might be forty, but there was no silver among the gold of her plain braided hair, no wrinkle on her blonde face. Weeds had just now given place to modified mourning, which became her well.

Did she slightly change color, give just a nameless hint of inward disquietude as she entered? Her visitor thought so, and wondered. But he could not reason on the subject, being a trifle flustered himself. His heart had shied, and now bolted off in a manner almost alarming.

And no wonder. For Narcisetto was come to the Limes, as we have said, on an important matter. He was come, in fact, to make an offer.

But the cardiacal hack soon fell again into his usual amble. Narcisetto's being was wont to flow on smooth as a stream of glycerin, and nothing could give turbulence to the soft, easy current for any length of time.

The conversation remained for a while comfortably general and vague. But through it all, perhaps, both speakers were conscious that this kind of thing could not last. Madame seemed, with her great deep eyes, to dive below the surface stratum of the good-humored, boyish talk. Her face—and her companion knew it—was a perpetual note of interrogation. For his part Narcisetto grew mildly puzzled. There was that in my lady's manner which showed (as his quick intelligence taught him) that she not only scented out the true object of his visit, but that her scent, for some reason or other, was preternaturally keen on the subject.

How it came about that the conversational breeze veered from the quarter of light literature and other generalities to that of love we do not know. The change was accomplished.

Its effect upon Mrs. Arlingford was remarkable. Her head sank gradually back upon the crimson chair on which she sat. Her words grew fewer and fewer; her features—fine Grecian features they were—became paler, more statuesque each moment; till at last, when she heard in plain but pretty English the announcement which a strange prescience had all along told her was at hand, when she knew positively that Mr. Harry Beresford was in love with her daughter Lucy, and that he asked leave to make known his attachment to the young lady herself, she seemed on the verge of fainting.

Now that Mr. Harry Beresford, sole son of a wealthy country squire, was a good match or catch for Lucy Mrs. Arlingford knew well. But—

The cause of, and what hung upon this "but" will be placed before the reader in these pages.

We will not undertake to say how far Narcisetto was really enamored of Lucy at this time. To what extent a good-natured young gentleman who is deeply in love with himself may be capable of passionate attachment to another we are not able to decide. It is certain, however, that Harry Beresford wished to marry Lucy Arlingford, and that he expected to succeed with his suit.

He was therefore surprised and disappointed at Mrs. Arlingford's reception of his declaration. The manner of that lady, in fact, became extremely embarrassing, and evinced a nervous excitement quite unintelligible to her visitor. It was plain that she struggled to repress her agitation, but her efforts were painfully unsuccessful. There was a mixture of severity and of gentle chiding in her disjointed remarks. She did not refuse, she would not assent to, an interview with her daughter. She smiled sarcastically, then wept. She rose and reseated herself repeatedly.

Meanwhile Mr. Harry Beresford gazed upon the beautiful lady before him with a childish surprise which would have been supremely entertaining to any third person. He wondered whether he had been a fool; strove hard to be, at any rate, perfectly gentlemanly; stole glances at his shapely boyship in the mirror, and puzzled himself as to what could be the objection to him; wishing heartily at last that he were safely out in the frosty air behind his iron-gray, rolling on the open road to the music of silver bells. Love and ladies, he concluded, might go to the antipodes if they were to be so unintelligible as this.

A glass door led from the room to a conservatory, which door was covered this cold weather by a thick crimson curtain. Presently the lady gently and warily moved the curtain aside, motioning to her visitor as she did so to look through.

Nothing could be more puzzlingly dramatic than this gesture. Narcisetto immediately thought of the vision displayed to Faust, and irreverently said to himself, "What can this fair Mephistopheles have to show me?"

But a glance into the conservatory made plain the lady's meaning. The vision was clearly intended to disenchant, not to enamor, like that shown to Faust.

The conservatory was long, and well clothed with foliage. At its further end, near the outer door, stood Lucy Arlingford; but she was not alone. A tall dummy, the cut of whose clothes and the length of whose whiskers were equally marvelous, was at her side. Her face was turned from the drawing-room; she did not know, therefore, that they were observed. Her knight, also, appeared too intent upon his suit to notice it either.

Lucy's tall figure was planted firmly; but her head was bent down, and a glossy loop of raven hair, resting upon a neck like snow, was all that Harry could see of the neighborhood of her sweet face. There was no divining her state of feeling from this point of view, but Narcisetto readily accepted the interpretation of the scene which he saw that he was intended to put upon it. He colored slightly, and turned away.

"I see," he said, with well-bred considerateness in his tone, "I have distressed you, Mrs. Arlingford, by making a proposal to which you can not assent. I am too late in the field, that is the truth. I hope that you will forgive my ignorance and blunder, and that the fortunate gentleman there—Mr. Adolphus Churchill, I see—is worthier of the prize than I. I shall try to behave properly, and get over this. Will you be my friend still?"

"I will indeed—always."

The youth started at the earnestness with which this was said. Mrs. Arlingford gave him her hand—it trembled, he observed—and he left her.

The jingle, tramp, and roll of Narcisetto's cab had scarcely died away when Mrs. Arlingford, losing more completely than before her wonted womanly calm, flung herself into a chair and burst into violent sobbing.

II.

BUT a few minutes had passed when the crimson curtain was again drawn aside, and Lucy entered the drawing-room, her vivid face beautifully burning with the fire of some evidently strong emotion.

"Oh, mamma dear!" she exclaimed, not at first noticing her mother's own distress, "how *could* you leave me there? I thought it cruel—*cruel*. But you have had visitors. Who has been? That foolish Mr. Churchill is gone now, thank Heaven!—gone for good, as I trust. Oh, mother, it won't do! I can never consent. He is an unreality—a sham. I will not, can not love a dandy, a mere 'clothes-wearing man,' as Carlyle would say."

She knelt by her mother's side as she concluded, and now for the first time saw that Mrs. Arlingford was crying, and that her cheeks were ashy pale.

"Why, mother!" she exclaimed, "what's the matter? Tell me. How cold you are! What has happened?"

"Nothing—nothing," said the mother, rising. "So, Lucy, you have dismissed Mr. Churchill? Well, it is your own business."

"But surely, mamma," said Lucy, throwing off her hat, and displaying a proud plaited coronet of hair in its place, "you would not, could not wish it! Are you crying about this? It is unreasonable—wrong. I will *not* be forced to marry. I will marry whom I please."

She drew herself up; her brown eyes flashed, her brunette cheek flushed scarlet.

"I do not intend to force you," said mamma, coolly. "We will drop the subject, Lucy. You had better go now."

"I *will* go, mamma; and you shall not see me again till this matter is settled forever. I will write him such a letter between this and dinner as he will not forget to his dying day!"

So speaking, Lucy quickly left the room, and running up stairs to her own chamber, locked herself in, and began to cry vehemently.

Those two ladies felt miserably unhappy after their sudden little quarrel. Each accused herself, and longed to "make it up" and kiss the other. Lucy wondered whether, after all, it were not her duty to listen to Adolphus Churchill, dandy though he was. Poor mamma's self-reproach was stronger, because better founded.

But there was pride in both hearts, and each lady chose for the time being to be miserable, rather than to say a few soft, compromising words. Lucy was still determined to write the threatened letter. She went to her desk, and hastily penned this note:

"THE LIMES, *December* 22.

"SIR,—When, a month ago, you made me an offer of marriage, I told you, in a manner which you ought to have considered final, that I could never be your wife. You had not the courtesy, however, to accept my 'No,' but have continued to tease me ever since, and have this afternoon again inflicted upon me the annoyance of an interview. Such an annoyance, I am determined, shall not be repeated.

"Since you will not take any gentler hint, I beg now plainly to tell you that I am already in love. If this be an unwomanly avowal, upon you rests the shame for having provoked it.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"LUCY ARLINGFORD."

There was dash and spirit in this, Lucy thought, and those were qualities she loved. She folded and sealed the note, then ran down with it to the kitchen, and finding there the little garden boy, she dispatched her missive by him to Adolphus Churchill, Esquire, Beechwood Court, and returned to her room.

She now felt sorry and unhappy, thought that it was the most wretched thing on earth to have a misunderstanding with your poor dear mamma; feared nervously that her mother might perhaps die that night, and leave her in hopeless remorse at having been unkind the last thing; resolved finally that she would go presently and have a complete "make up."

But somehow the "make up" did not come off. Mother and daughter met at dinner in coldness and constraint. "They stood apart, the scars remaining." The evening passed in the same way. Music, which both loved, could not bridge over the ugly chasm. Both wondered whether they were to part for the night without a reconciliation. Each sighed in the hope of softening the other's heart, but neither would own her heart softened.

The bedtime came. There was but a single icy kiss; no warm embrace, no "God bless you, my darling!" or "God bless my mother!" And so they went to separate rooms—for by a tacit understanding they had agreed not to sleep together to-night, as they often did.

It was long before Lucy closed her eyes; she fell thinking of the real cause (as far as she knew it) of this unpleasantness. It was this—she loved Harry Beresford. Narcisetto—she had herself given him the title—had possessed himself of her heart's key. Narcisetto, with his easy, well-bred manners; his clear, sunny intelligence; his bright, boyish good looks; his golden curls, and large, true baby eyes! He was self-centred, something whispered; he was a trifle of a "dandy," too, as well as Mr. Adolphus! She *loved* him, nevertheless. But for this fact she would have said "Yes" to "Adolphus," or any body else, to please her mother. While this was true, she would not for the world.

Then followed a deep woman's resolve to love Harry with whole heart and soul to life's last day. No one should know it; but this love should be the grand secret reality of her existence. Lucy had determined so far when she fell asleep.

She awoke in confusion and terror. A sound, piercing and prolonged, had traveled to her from her mother's room. She started to the floor. There was another cry—her own name was pronounced.

In the darkness the furniture all seemed out of place to the frightened girl—the distances all wrong. She struck a light at last, and, with little bare feet, ran, half paralyzed with terror, to her mother's room.

She expected to find blood and death when she got there. But as the light of her candle fell upon her mother's bed she saw that her fears had run on in advance of the truth. Mrs. Arlingford was sitting upright, looking pale and bewildered, to be sure, but nothing worse. She had evidently undergone some severe fright.

"Dearest mother, what is it?" cried Lucy.

"Oh, my child, come and kiss me, and don't leave me again. Such a horrible, horrible dream I have dreamt, Lucy!"

"Mother, it is nothing. We have had a misunderstanding to-day, and that has made us both wretched. But it is all over now. I will stay with you and you will sleep calmly."

"Oh, but Lucy, I *must* tell you. I thought my wicked heart was full of jealousy and vengeance toward *you*, my only, darling daughter. I thought a strange, horrid passion seized me, and I felt that I must take your life. And I *did*—oh, Lucy, I did! I saw the blood, and I heard your last faint groan."

The girl embraced her mother soothingly.

"It must have been dreadful for you, dearest mamma," she said. "But never mind now; be calm. It was nothing but an empty, unmeaning dream. This will be a lesson to me not to say any thing to grieve you again. God soothe and comfort you!"

Lucy observed with relief and thankfulness that her mother now wept. She did not try to restrain these tears, but only gently kissed the dear wet cheeks, and as the sobbing became less convulsive laid the head upon its pillow, and stroked that pretty, broad, fair forehead.

"Oh, my child!" said Mrs. Arlingford, presently, "I never felt the want of your dear father as I have done this afternoon. If he were but here! If the cruel sea would but give him up alive! I can not tell *you*, my child—but if I could lay my head on *his* bosom, all my pain would melt away to nothing."

How could Lucy help crying now? Her tears fell silently but long, and they were sad yet healthy ones. At length mother and daughter sank alike into deep and calm sleep, and did not wake until the late winter morning looked in through the frosted pane, and familiar sounds of household life banished into the realm of "airy nothings" the night's strange terror and tears.

III.

THE note which Lucy had written to the "rejected clothes-wearing man" had met with a remarkable adventure. Little garden boy, speeding with it to Beechwood Court, had fallen in by the way with farmer Butterfield's bull, which animal was in the habit of going, morning and evening, with his ladies "to be milked," *viâ* the Beechwood Road. Garden boy, having an excusable dread of being "tossed," had taken sudden alarm at supposed hostile demonstrations on the part of his taurine majesty, and had made a quick disorderly retreat from the highway through a hedge. In the course of his rapid "strategic" movement the note had been dropped, and the growing dusk had prevented its recovery. The boy, however, had maintained a prudent silence on the subject.

Next day, at about noon, Narcisetto's cab came gayly along that Beechwood road. The young gentleman, to all appearance, had borne yesterday's rebuff well, for he looked just as smiling, comfortable, and ornamental as ever. Not a single indication was to be detected that his moral coat had been stroked the wrong way. He was now driving with characteristic amiability and content to the house of a neighboring squire, on some mission of inquiry, at the request of his calm, patrician mamma.

At a certain point on the road Master Tiger was ordered down to adjust the curb-chain. During the pause, the aqua-marine eyes fell upon something by the way-side which looked like an unopened note.

In a few moments the envelope, addressed in Lucy's writing to Mr. Churchill, was in Narcisetto's hands. He winced slightly, fancying he had really liked Lucy very much indeed, lifted his wide eyebrows, and then drove on. There was only one thing to be done, of course—he must deliver the note himself. But even *his* steady-going temper plunged at the notion of his "coming Mercury" between Lucy and his rival; for, as the reader will understand, he little guessed what was the true tenor of the communication.

The silver bells jingled up toward the lodge of Beechwood Court. As Narcisetto came near to the sacred portal he observed emerging therefrom a coat, waistcoat, scarf, and other clothes, on the top of which appeared the semblance of a human countenance, decked with long appendages of hair. The clothes, mask, and hair combined, constituted Adolphus Churchill, Esquire.

"How d'ye do, Churchill?" said Narcisetto, in his quick, bright tones. "I've met with something that belongs to you. I suppose it was accidentally dropped. It has the look of having been out-of-doors all night."

"Thanks," said Sir Dandy. "What can it be?"

During the solution of this question Narcisetto moved off.

He executed his commission, drove home, and feeling just a trifle disturbed, went to his smoking-room for solace. He took a cheroot and a magazine, and stretched himself on a couch by the fire.

But he was soon aroused. There came a knock at the door, and he was told that Mr. Adolphus Churchill wished to see him directly.

In some surprise Harry directed that the visitor might be shown into the room where he was. On his entrance Mr. Churchill gave evidence of serious disquietude. He appeared, in fact, to be laboring under an oppressive burden of wrath. But any thing more pitifully undignified than the exhibition of his anger could not be conceived.

Harry looked at him first in wonder; then broke out into a hearty, but not ill-natured laugh. "Why, what on earth disturbs you, old fellow?" he inquired.

"You are a snob," said Churchill, "to insult me in this manner."

Harry rose and laid down his cheroot, opened his eyes, stirred the fire, and, restraining his strong impulse to respond by a purely physical demonstration, said, quietly,

"Come, explain. I don't understand these words at all."

"Ha! And to what limit, then, Beresford, do you expect my patience to extend?" replied Churchill, a suspicion crossing his mind for the first time that he was in the wrong box. "You don't mean to deny that you knew the contents of the note you brought me just now?"

"It strikes me I won't trouble myself to deny any thing," said Harry, quite cool.

If Churchill had happened to be any thing else but the arrant ass he was, he would here have drawn in his horns, acknowledged his blunder, and patched up an understanding with his good-tempered neighbor and college friend, Harry Beresford. But the donkey element in his nature was so large that he was unable rightly to estimate his situation. He retained, probably to his dying day, the belief that the note ignorantly handed to him in pure courtesy was virtually the offspring of the innocent bearer's brain. And Harry was far too proud to make any attempt at obliterating such a belief.

"You are dealing falsely with me," continued the enlightened young dandy; "you fancy that I have no discernment, and that you may impose upon me; no spirit, and that you may insult me with impunity. But you are mistaken. You shall pay for your impertinence."

Harry quietly rang the bell; then relighted his cheroot, and sat down perfectly silent. When the footman opened the door, he said, composedly, "Show this gentleman out, if you please. I hope, Churchill, you will see before long that you have been making a fool of yourself. If you wish to ask me any question, and will do so by letter in civil terms, I will reply to it. At present I think we had better part."

Even now any man of common intelligence might have escaped from the fix that Churchill was in. But he had not the wit to extricate himself. He had, however, just sufficient sense to perceive that if he staid where he was he would probably get a good thrashing in two minutes. So he withdrew, saying, "You will hear of this again. You do not deceive me, though you fancy it."

What particular object Mr. Churchill had gained by this dignified visit we can not say. His love had just natural instinct enough about it to lead him to suspect the right person of being the rival to whom Lucy referred in her note, and this suspicion alone had brought about his purposeless intrusion. Narcisetto himself, however, had certainly acquired something. He had learned indirectly that Lucy's feeling toward Churchill could not have been such as he had been led to suppose.

His heart fastened with strange persistency upon the truth evolved from the late visit—that Lucy was still free. And lying on his back, the sofa drawn near to the cozy fire, his cheroot sending through his whole frame a soft, comforting calm, Master Narcissus pondered long, rolling his bright aqua-marine eyes about the ceiling, till at last the eyes closed, the cheroot fell, and there came a fast sleep and a vivid dream.

That dream, which amidst some confusion was the pleasantest that the dreamer had ever experienced, was rudely disturbed by the butler, who suddenly appeared, stirring the fire, and saying that dinner would be served in ten minutes.

IV.

THAT same afternoon Mrs. Arlingford, full of distracting thoughts, went to her own room for the sake of solitude. She locked the door, sank into a chair, and hid her face in her white hands.

"A mother," she thought, "a woman of forty years, a *widow*—the helpless victim of a foolish passion for a boy scarcely half her own age."

She would have sunk into the ground with shame had she been compelled to make the avowal to any fellow-creature. She blushed scarlet on confessing the truth even to herself. And yet it was only too true that a morbid, unworthy love had risen in her heart for the very man who had wished to marry her daughter.

But worse—she had rejected the young man's suit for her own sake. In act, if not in word, she had made a representation to Beresford which was not true, that she might divert his affection from her daughter. She had created a false impression in his mind, while she had encouraged Lucy's acceptance of Churchill's offer, knowing that the girl loved another, the one *she* loved.

How base, how unnatural, how unwomanly her conduct seemed! How she doubted of her poor frail heart, wondering whereunto this unruly affection might grow! How she strove with herself, setting before her harassed mind every consideration which might tend to deliver her from the horrid thralldom.

Oh! if *he* could only come back, her one *true* love and hero! How the sight of his sun-face would dispel this unwholesome mist, and lay the ghost of the foolish, uncanny passion! But he was silent forever in his "vast and wandering grave." Alas, alas for him!

Anon the *ignis fatuus* of her new wild love would spring up again athwart the lady's holier thoughts. Then she would look in the glass to satisfy herself that beauty was still left to her, measuring her chances of success with that dear fascinating boy! Then she would wish herself a girl again, with curls of flowing gold, and jewel eyes, and lips of coral, walking by his side, admired and loved by him before all others.

Again, with a start, she would wake from the degrading dream—hating, despising herself; and yearning over darling Lucy, her precious lost husband's child, she would resolve, God helping her, never to let a soul guess the real state of her sad, distracted heart.

It was a weary, miserable struggle. We can not closely follow the windings of those tangled thoughts, or minutely anatomize that morbid soul. Certain it is, however, that when Lucy came, late in the afternoon, to ask for a solution of her mother's long self-banishment from the drawing-room, Mrs. Arlingford's impetuous thoughts had hurried her to a goal, the true and dreadful nature of which she scarcely realized.

At the moment the gentle rap at the door sounded, Mrs. Arlingford held in her hand a small vial. It contained a narcotic, familiar in most households, and often thankfully taken by the restless and suffering in small doses. But the lady had now taken up the drug with feelings far different from those with which she had ever done so before.

"Why not," she had thought, "end the wretched conflict in a sleep? Better to die than to live so as to degrade one's self. None would know. Lucy would only be the better off for my death."

In the midst of these thoughts the mother replied to her daughter that she would come down stairs shortly. She scarcely knew what she said, and certainly at the moment did not mean to keep the promise she made.

But the vial proved to be empty. Presently, therefore, Mrs. Arlingford *did* leave her room, but not until she had written a note to a chemist at Gaisford, a town two miles off; which note, upon going down stairs, she left in the kitchen to be sent by the old errand-woman next day.

This evening passed almost as sadly as the last. The mother was sometimes absent, sometimes irritable and excited. Lucy began to be seriously apprehensive about her, but she did not express her fears.

Next day was Christmas-eve. The dear old season came venerably in, bearded with icicles and snow. As Lucy rose, she thought, sadly, that this did not promise to be a cheerful Christmas for her. Her love, as far as she knew, was unrequited. Her mother's state was inexplicably sad and alarming. No; the old man brought for her, she fancied, no pleasant gifts this year.

But as cheerfully as she could she went through the time-honored Christmas forms; prepared, or overlooked the preparation of, little comforts for the poor; wove natty decorations of holly, mistletoe, and ivy; and every now and then would come smilingly to her pale mother's side, who sat alone, strange, gloomy, and abstracted.

"We should not be dining by ourselves to-day, mamma," said Lucy, as the hour for the meal approached. "Even two years ago, amidst all our sorrow, some one was with us on Christmas-eve."

The mother scarcely noticed the remark.

"Has the errand-woman brought any thing for me?" she inquired of a servant, who entered at the moment with candles.

"Nothing, ma'am. She passed half an hour back."

"What did my mother expect?" asked Lucy. "Had she ordered herself some little Christmas present?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Arlingford, covering her pale face.

At this point a ring was heard at the front gate. Immediately after the admission of the ringer to the house, the servant came to the drawing-room door. Her face was unusually flushed and excited as she said, "Some one from Mr. Arnold's, the chemist's, ma'am. He wishes to see you himself."

Mrs. Arlingford swept into the hall with her usual calm dignity, and observed, at the open front door, the figure of a tall large man, muffled in winter wraps, his black eyes bent eagerly upon her.

"What is it?" she asked, hardly able to see the stranger's face distinctly.

"It is only *this*," said a full bass voice, "that your errand-woman forgot, a small packet from the chemist's. I accidentally learned her omission, and, as I was coming this way, undertook to supply it. Here is your physic."

Something in the speaker's tone had arrested Mrs. Arlingford's attention. She turned a searching glance upon him, clasped her hands, uttered an indescribable cry of joy, and ran forward to his arms.

Heaven! it was her long-lost sailor! It was the husband whose reported death she had mourned for two weary years!

She fell, weak and trembling, upon his bosom; and there fed upon his life-restoring kisses, like the dying desert traveler who meets with unhoped-for luscious fruits beside his arid path; there she realized the truth that in her dire extremity God had helped her in the way just most effectual; that He had reserved this mighty happiness until the moment when it would bring with it the fullest cup of blessing.

What an evening that was! Think of it, reader. To find a two years' sorrow a fiction; to awaken all of a sudden from saddest experiences, and to learn they were but dreams! To the size of such vast joy no human words will stretch.

For a time the excitement of delight was extravagant, but an hour or two sobered while it confirmed the bliss. When they had seen him eat, heard him explain, then they grew calmer, and rested happily content on the broad basis of unquestionable fact.

But ere long a new thought sprang up in the mother's heart. She had wronged, deeply wronged, her darling daughter. With her generous, loving soul restored, as it now was, to perfect health, she could not sleep, she knew, until that wrong had been righted.

She hastily wrote and dispatched the following note:

"The Limes, Dec 24.

"My dear Sir,—Will you do me the kindness to let me have a few words with you here at once on the subject of which we spoke at our last meeting? I then misled you entirely. Pray come, if possible, directly.

"You will probably have heard of our wonderful happiness before this reaches you. I am sure you rejoice with us.

"Yours very faithfully,
"Mary Arlingford.

"Harry Beresford, Esq."

Narcisetto lost no time in obeying this abrupt summons. He was shown privately into the dining-room, where Mrs. Arlingford first saw him alone. There was no constraint or awkwardness now. The foolish fancy had fled like a Will-o'-the-wisp from the woman's now happy heart. Her girlhood's love was restored to her, and her late passion had dwindled to a myth and a phantom. She could speak now to Harry as a mother to her son. She did not tell him of the motive which had urged her late strange conduct; but she made it clear to him as day that no obstacle now lay between him and Lucy.

It was not unreasonable that he should ask for an interview with the young lady then and there. He asked and obtained it.

She came to him in a glow of girlish beauty. Her mourning had been hastily set aside, and she swept into the room in a dress of queenly purple, with a diamond lustre in her eyes, and berries peering bright from amidst her hair, which seemed afire with them.

He did not speak a word. His volubility all failed him at that strange moment. It was so new, so overpowering—this sense of total absorption into the life of another. In some nameless, inarticulate language he told her that he loved her; and she, scarcely better able to express herself, made to him the same confession.

He was unworthy of her. He knew it. He had hitherto been a self-centred, frivolous creature; but he felt that a new life was now infused into his soul—or rather, that his life was drawn into that of another. Fair Arachne had sucked his being into her own, and the old, butterfly, "Narcisetto" nature had fallen from her silken toils—fallen clattering down to dust—an empty, shriveled shell!

What a wonderful Christmas-day followed! Lucy said that it was like the last page of the overture to "*Der Freischütz.*" It was all joy; joy unsullied as the snow upon the lawn; deep, as the ocean which had yielded up the long-lost *pearl;* substantial, as—turkey and sausages.

The general merriment was increased when a report (intended to have the air of casualty, but clearly sent by design) reached the Limes, that Mr. Adolphus Churchill, of Beechwood Court, was just engaged to Miss Fenella Fotheringay—the best dresser in the county.

Of her design in ordering the "physic," and of her late wild fancy, the now happy wife never spoke—not even to her husband. And surely she was right to be silent. Some phantoms of our foolish brains, some frailties of our poor, fond hearts, are better never painted by the tongue or whispered into any human ear. The lovers, now happy in mutually-avowed affection, did not care to inquire into the cause of that strangeness of manner which Mrs. Arlingford, before their engagement, had in different ways shown to them both.

Harry proved to demonstration that he could love with complete self-forgetfulness. As Lucy's nickname for him, therefore, seems henceforth to lose its appropriateness, we think the time has come for us to close the story of "Narcisetto."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The recent opening of the new Steinway Hall is an event of special interest to the lovers of music in our city. New York has been deficient in places suitable for musical entertainments; but this promises to be just what is needed. This Hall is immediately in the rear of the warerooms of Messrs. Steinway and Sons; and the main entrance is through the marble portico on Fourteenth Street. It is a thoroughly substantial building, capable of seating 2500 persons comfortably. Special arrangements are made to secure good ventilation, and the hall is heated by steam generated in an outside building as a security against accident. At present the walls are perfectly plain; but when they have become entirely dry they will be elegantly frescoed. The Bateman Concert Troupe have satisfactorily tested the acoustic properties of this new Hall; and Madame Parepa, Signor Brignoli, and other fine performers have seldom been more warmly received by the public than in the present series of concerts. It is said that the Philharmonic Rehearsals and Concerts will take place in the Steinway Hall.

Last week the corner-stone of a new Hebrew temple was laid on the corner of Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. The congregation "Emanuel," who are to erect this building, have increased in about twenty years from thirty to three hundred. This temple, which will cost about $600,000, promises to be of great architectural beauty. It is to be built principally of Ohio and Newark stone, and will probably exhibit the characteristic features of several styles of architecture.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," is the old saying, recently exemplified by a singular freak of fortune, whereby a lamp-trimmer in the United States navy comes into possession of $300,000 in gold, together with the title and estates of a Hungarian count. It seems that the individual in question, Edward Louis, Count Batthyanyi, many years ago left his country, his father having been executed for participating in the rebellion under Kossuth. Supposing that his father's possessions had been confiscated, and knowing little of the real position of his family, he obtained employment in a steamship, and never hinted to any one about his high rank, but discharged his duties quietly and satisfactorily. Not long ago, however, a newspaper advertisement hinted about "something to the advantage" of Edward Louis Batthyanyi, and the sequel was as we have stated—a romance in real life, furnishing first-rate material for a novelist.

The following curious and comforting announcement appears in a Connecticut paper:

"Last evening a lady asked for epsom salts at a drug store in this city. An inexperienced clerk filled the order as he supposed correctly, but he made the serious mistake of giving her oxalic acid instead of epsom salts. As the lady is unknown we are requested to give this public notice, warning her that if she takes the oxalic acid it will surely kill her."

Very consoling this to the lady in question should she chance to see it just after she has given her youngest child a dose of the above-mentioned *salts!* We suggest, however, that the "inexperienced clerk" who "supposed he filled the order correctly," be allowed to study chemistry a little longer, and perform experiments *privately*—upon *himself* if he chooses—before offering his services to the public.

Considering that the city railroad companies "*don't pay their expenses,*" how very benevolent they are to extend their route across Broadway for the accommodation of the public! Truly they are self-sacrificing *tract-distributors!*

Some very sagacious prophecies have been made in regard to the year 1867. As they may not be found in all the almanacs, we will give a few for the benefit of our readers:

The year 1867 will be a very eventful one to every maiden who gets married. Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes, the nights will grow dark. Whoever is in love this year will think his sweet-heart an angel. Whoever gets married will find out whether it is true. If a young lady happens to blush she will look red in the face. If she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it is a sign of something. If any body jumps overboard without knowing how to swim it is two to one he gets drowned. If any one lends an umbrella, it is ten to one he is obliged to go home in the rain for his pains.

A writer from Paris speaks of meeting a Parisian coachman to whom misfortune has given a curious celebrity. Sometime since a cancer in his tongue rendered its amputation necessary. This operation was performed by the surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, who shortly afterward replaced the lost tongue by one of gutta percha. Although he can not speak, he tastes, swallows, and smokes his pipe with apparent enjoyment. After eating he takes out his tongue—as one takes out a set of false teeth—to clean it; and between his repasts he generally finds it more convenient to carry it in his pocket.

According to what is supposed to be an accurate calculation of the salaries paid to preachers in this country, and of the number of sermons preached, the average price paid for sermons, taking the land throughout, is said to be *three cents* apiece! We certainly desire to believe that there is some grand mistake either in the data or in the estimate which produces such a conclusion.

Not long since Lady Harriet Sinclair published in London a cookery book called "Dainty Dishes," which attracted considerable attention. It is reported that shortly after the publication of this work, and as a result of it, she received a number of proposals of marriage. She made a "judicious selection," so the story goes, and a wedding followed. It may be expected, now, that all young ladies, English and American, will immediately commence collecting recipes, as the foundation of a volume of "Dainty Dishes"—whereby they may win a *name.*

The following experience of a humorous traveler, who attempted to get a dinner at Xenia, on the Little Miami Railroad, is worth reading by those who have had a similar experience, without a like good-humor, as well as by all who enjoy a good laugh:

"'Twenty minutes for dinner!' shouted the brakesman as we approached Xenia.

"Arrived there, I entered the dining-room and inquired of a waiter:

"'What do you have for dinner?'

"'Twenty minutes,' was the hurried reply.

"I told him I would try half a dozen minutes, raw, on the half-shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head trying to comprehend the order, but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

"I approached a man who stood near the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"'What do you have for dinner?'

"'Half a dollar,' says he.

"I told him that I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't send me, in addition, a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties garnished with postage stamps and ten cent script. Also a Confederate bond, done brown, with lettuce alone (let us alone). I would like to wash my dinner down with National Bank Notes, on 'draft.'

"He said they were out of every thing but the bank-notes, and he then ordered a waiter to go to the bank and 'draw' some."

The following beautiful bit of poetry, entitled "My 'Good-for-Nothing,'" is evidently written by a mother, or by one who has all the loving feelings of a mother:

What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me if you can—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for—now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you!"

Poets, authors, and literary men in general, have frequently been afflicted with dreadfully practical and unpoetical wives. Siebenbas could never inspire Lenette with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth, and every thing else. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the sauce-pan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns which echoed loudly from the neighboring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, "What shall I warm up for supper?" And he could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she seemed quite touched, and appeared listening intently to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but toward his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow, I must darn it."

A rather comical story is told in connection with the early appearance of Dr. Bethune, as officiating clergyman in a church then located not far from the city of Rochester. The edifice was placed in the centre of a large park, and it being summer time, the open doors made the green aisle carpet appear like a continuation of the grassy lawn outside. At least so the matter appeared to a half-dozen geese, who quietly walked into the church just as the preacher was closing a splendid passage of eloquence, and was quoting the lines:

"Who are those arrayed in white?" etc.

A green, half-grown country boy, who supposed the quotation so eloquently propounded required answer, at once replied, in a bashful lisp: "Them—them there's geeth." The wings of the young minister were thus abruptly clipped while he was a-flight, and the ones "arrayed in white" were the only dignified individuals in the audience.

Books seem to be scarce at the South. Some one living in Florida advertises for sale, for the reasonable sum of $1000, four dilapidated volumes of a work once owned by Cotton Mather. However, as Cotton Mather's name is written in one of them, it doubtless will be a valued relic to somebody.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Scientific Jotting.—M. Toutmonœil has addressed a memoir to the Academy of Sciences representing that indulgence in hippophagy is calculated to result in ossification of the heart.

Why should teetotalers never hold their meetings at a theatre?—Because there ought not to be a drop-seen at them.

Poor Things!—It seems an impossibility for two silly lovers ever to agree, seeing that between them there can be no understanding.

A man was recently arrested in Paris for an extraordinary freak while under the influence of drink. In passing before a dealer's, he suddenly jumped into a basket containing 300 eggs, and after smashing them to his heart's content, called out, "That is the way I make an *omelette;* now bring me a frying-pan!"

The Rev. Mr. A—— was more eminent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "The Ministration of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone started the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet he spoke: "I guess it is the boys in the gallery."

PHILOSOPHY.

Alas! alack! and welladay!
How short my cash is running,
I find I can not make my way
By poetry and punning.
But poverty is not a crime,
And I am young and clever.
This kind of thing will end in time—
It *can't* go on forever.

My health is in a pretty state!—
I'm something of a skeptic
Regarding the decrees of Fate
(Which means that I'm dyspeptic),
But this may alter by-and-by.
Shall I despair? No, never.
I *must* in time get well or die;
It *can't* go on forever.

I love—and I must bear the woe
To which my folly dooms me:
She knows, but will not *seem* to know,
The passion that consumes me.
My heart is fettered in a chain
Impossible to sever;
'Twill break or struggle free again,
It *can't* go on forever.

The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.

A coarse, ill-natured fellow died one day, and his friends assembled at his funeral, but no one had a good word to say about the deceased. Even at the grave all were silent. At length a good-hearted German, as he turned to go home, said, "Vell, he vas a goot schmoker."

A certain duchess, a very handsome woman, was once walking through the streets of London, when a costermonger, whose pipe had gone out, walked up to her, and addressing her, said, "Pray, Madam, let me light my pipe at your eye." She declared this to be the greatest compliment which she had ever had paid to her.

REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I can not think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

A Strange Trade.—A young fellow was lately taken before a Paris magistrate as a vagabond. "You have no occupation?" said the Bench, inquiringly. "Beg your Worship's pardon," was the rejoinder; "I deal in bits of halter for the use of gentlemen as plays." A bit of rope with which a man has been hanged, carried in his pocket, is held to secure luck at cards.

Old Elwes, the miser, having listened to a very eloquent discourse on charity, remarked: "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of alms-giving that—I've almost a mind *to beg.*"

Woman's Love in a Light and Dark Aspect.—"Our idea is," says a fellow that had got a shrew for a wife, "that

'Woman's love is like Scotch snuff:
We get one pinch, and that's enough.'"

An old darkey says—

"Woman's lub is India rubber—
It stretch de more de more you lub her."

Prentice, in a wicked lunge at the very underpinning of society, says, "Tilting hoops enable the common people to see a great deal more of good society than they ever saw before."

"Well, Dick," said a doctor to a polite man whose wife he had been attending, "how is your wife?" "She is dead, I thank you."

The Great Unpaid.—The National Debt.

How do you arrive at the height of a church steeple on a hot day?—Per-spire.

The art of book-*keeping* taught in one short and easy lesson—Never lend them.

NOT POSSIBLE TO PLEASE.

A FABLE.

Said the Moon to Dame This one day
(So in fable, at least, we are told),
"I want a new frock, mother dear;
Let the color be yellow as gold."

"How can I, my child, grant your wish,
Your figure so awkward is found,
Now a lath, now ungain with a hump,
Now crescent, lopsided, or round?"

Many persons resemble the moon
In judgment, taste, temper, or wit:
Cut your cloth in what fashion you please,
Your coat you can never make fit.

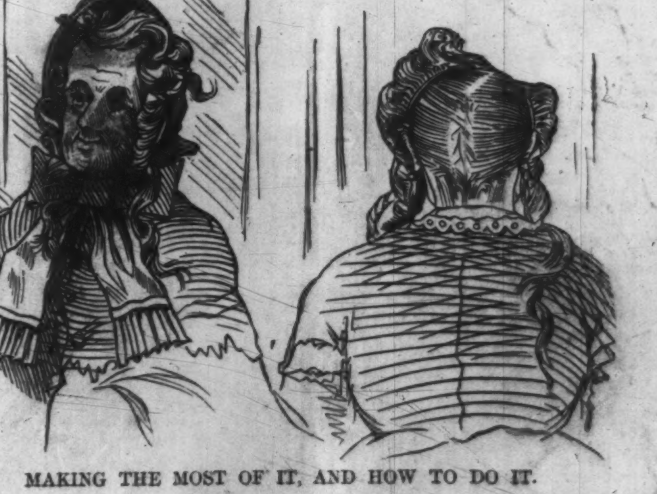
A person meeting with an acquaintance after a long absence, told him he was surprised to see him, for he had heard that he was dead.

"But," says the other, "you find the report false."

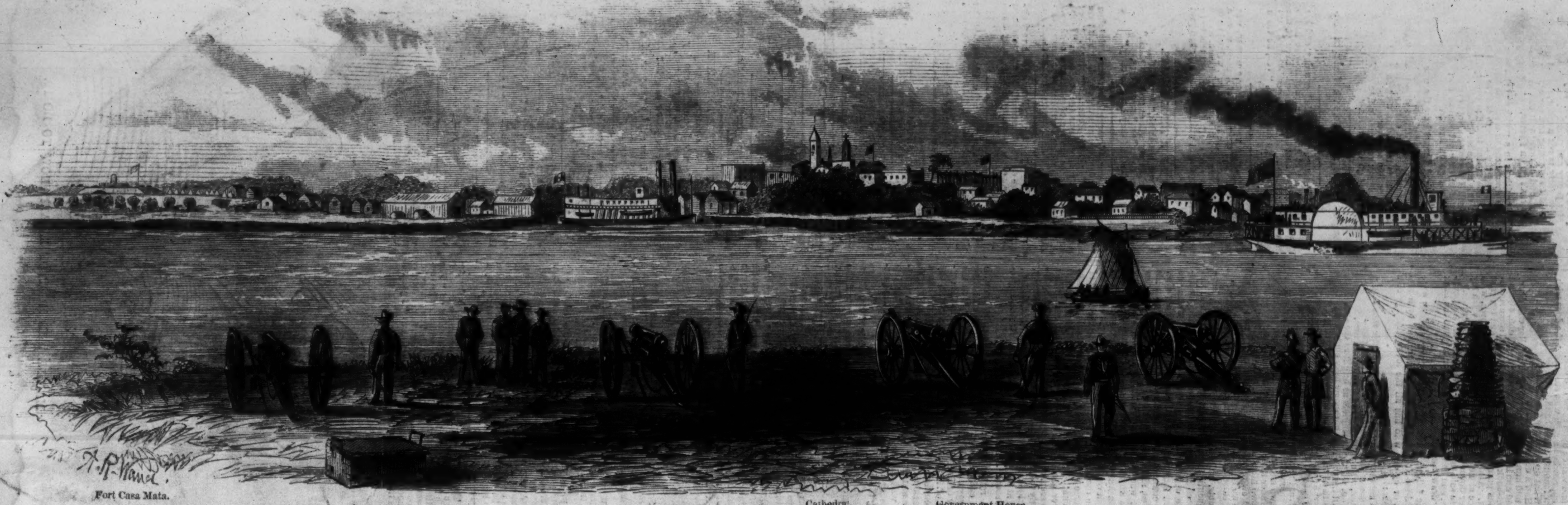
"'Tis hard to determine," he replied, "for the man that told me was one whose word I would sooner take than yours."

A young man recently wrote to his sweet-heart, saying: "There is not a globule of blood in my heart which does not bear your photograph." He had it very bad, hadn't he?

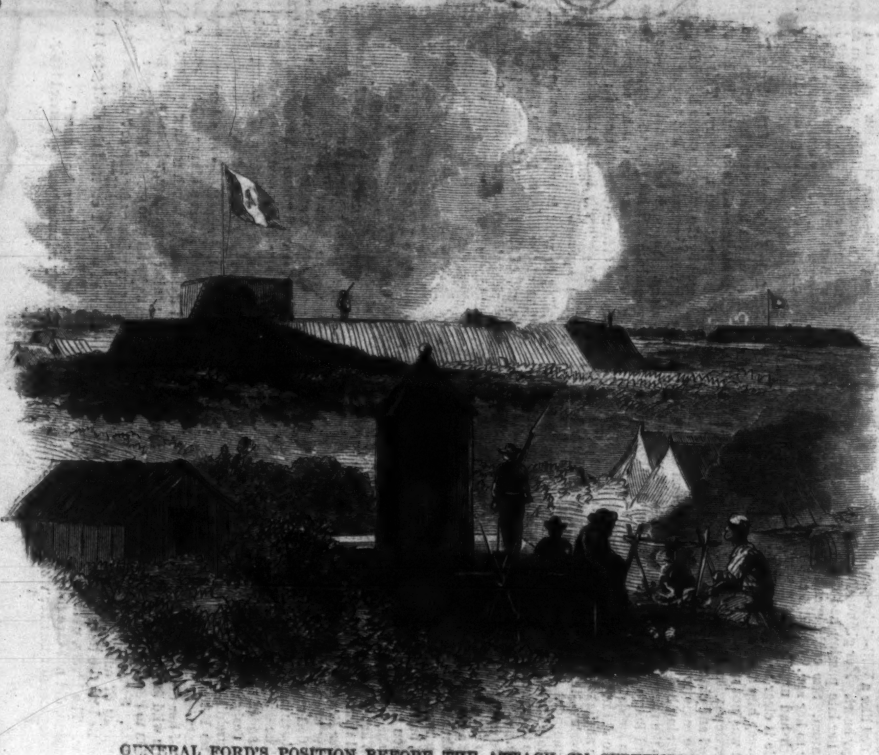
Of all the declarations of love, the most admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady who asked him to show her the picture of the one he loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.



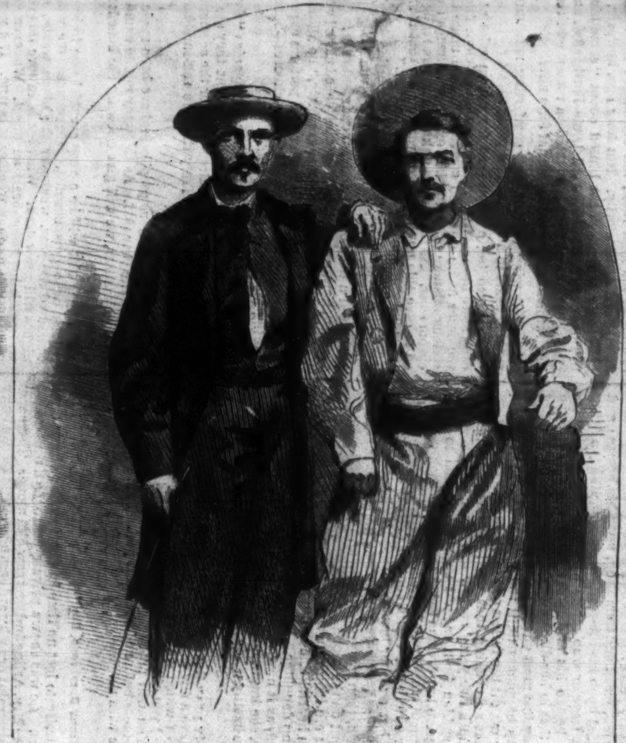
MAKING THE MOST OF IT, AND HOW TO DO IT.


A. R. Waud
Fort Casa Mata.
Cathedral.
Government House.
Mexican Gun-boat "Chinaco."
Fort Collegio.

MATAMORAS, MEXICO, AS SEEN FROM THE POSITION OF CAPTAIN A. M. RANDALL'S LIGHT BATTERY I, FIRST UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

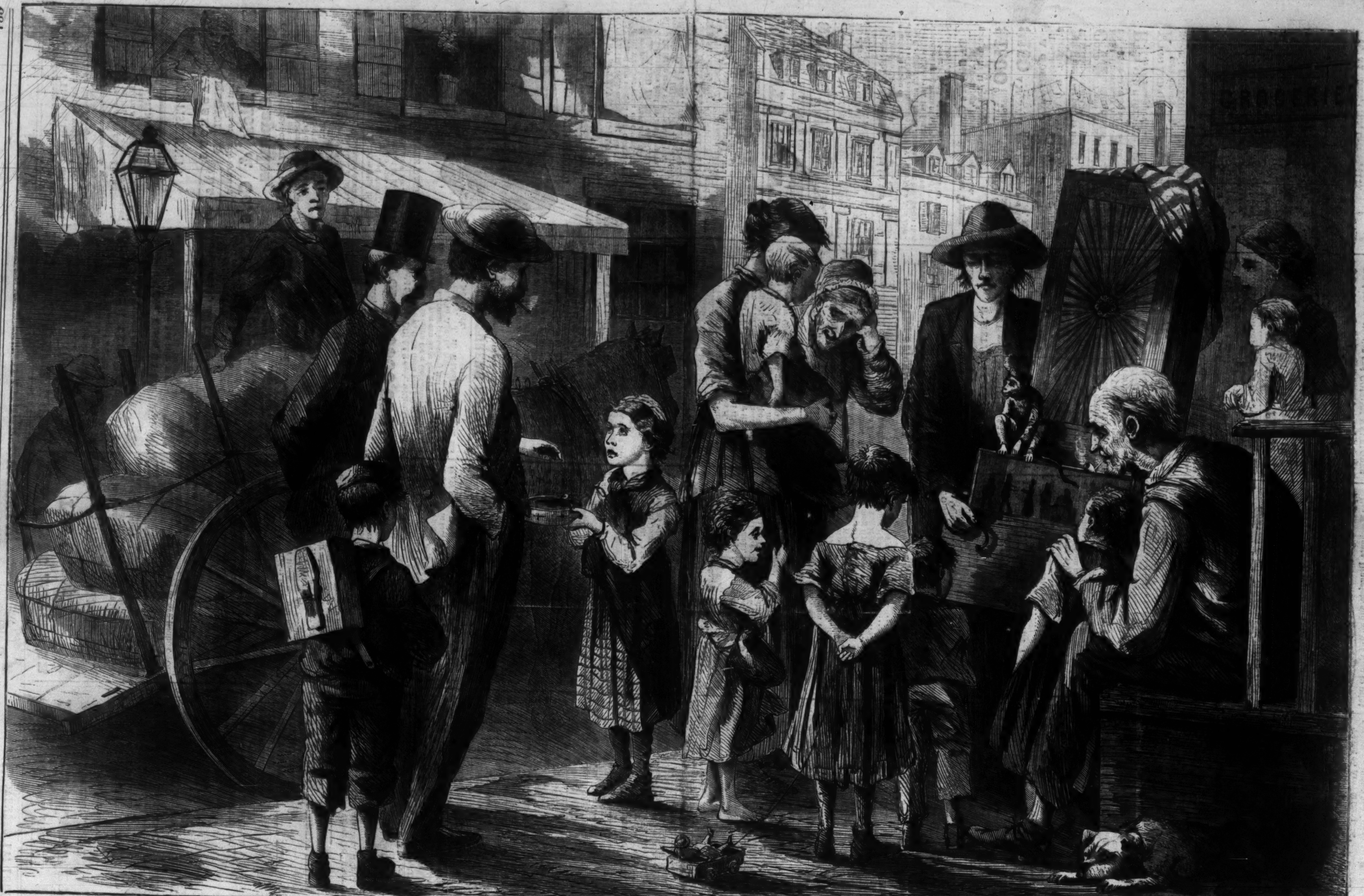


GENERAL FORD'S POSITION BEFORE THE ATTACK ON SEPTEMBER 21, 1866.



COLONELS J. CERDA AND S. CANALES.

NIGHT ATTACK UPON THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MATAMORAS.



STREET MUSIC—THE ORGAN-GRINDER.—[Drawn by C. G. Bush.]

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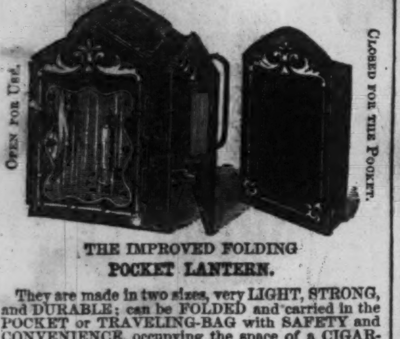
NO ONE NEED BE IN THE DARK.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8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

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AURORA, IND., *Oct.* 30, 1866.

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3 lbs. Oolong	F. A. Slater	at 1 00	3 00
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3 lbs. Imperial	E. F. Campbell	at 1 25	3 75
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Close of Vol. XXXIII.

Harper's Magazine

For November, 1866.

CONTENTS:

THE CIDER MILL.
THE WORK-HOUSE, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.
THE LADY OF MY DREAMS.
VENICE.
HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—XV. FLORIDA: HER CRIME AND HER PUNISHMENT.
MANASQUAN.
THE LITTLE BLACK DOGS OF BERKSHIRE.
AMONG RELATIONS.
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OLD TIMES AND NEW.
THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.
DAS MEERMÄDCHEN.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Conductors believe that in variety and interest it has been exceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrangements insure that this interest and value will be fully maintained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced "THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS," a Tale by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession." This tale was written just before the breaking out of the late Civil War, but its issue was postponed in consequence of the events of the time. The Author, at the time a resident of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." The tale is of special interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war; what it would now have been but for the war; and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

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⁂ The POSTAGE on the Magazine is now 24 cents a year, and on the Weekly 20 cents a year, payable quraterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, at the office where received.

⁂ Subscriptions from the British Provinces of North America must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, and 20 cents for the Weekly, to prepay the United States postage.

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GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL
FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF
The Destitute Children
OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This Home and School was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied*, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

New York, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General Ulysses S. Grant, President.
Mrs. Chas. P. Daly, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. Fremont, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. Robert Forster, 2d Vice-President.
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Mrs. Wm. Mailler.
Mrs. Henry Batjer.

New York, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General Van Vliet.
Major-General Francis C. Barlow.
Brigadier-General John Cochrane.
Brigadier-General William Hall.
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Brevet Brigadier-General James F. Hall.
Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Jno. H. White.
G. P. B. Hoyt.
J. H. Puleston.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. Theodore Thomas."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,
Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

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In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

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1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
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Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

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Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

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5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

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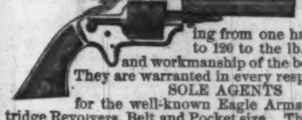

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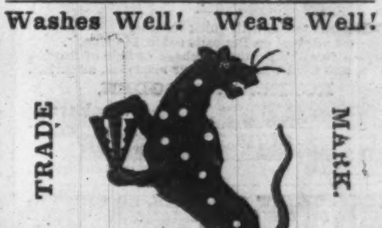

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